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POETICAL WORKS

OF

JOHN CUNNINGHAM.

COLLATED WITH THE BEST EDITIONS:

BY

THOMAS PARK, ESQ. F.S.A.

LONDON:

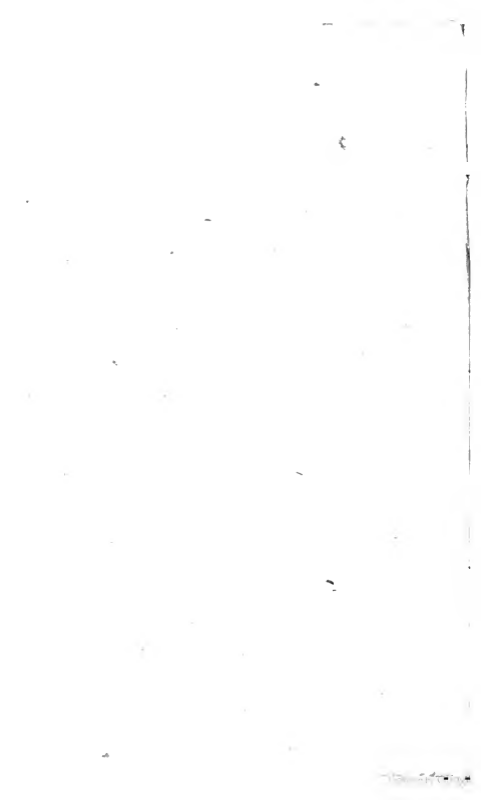
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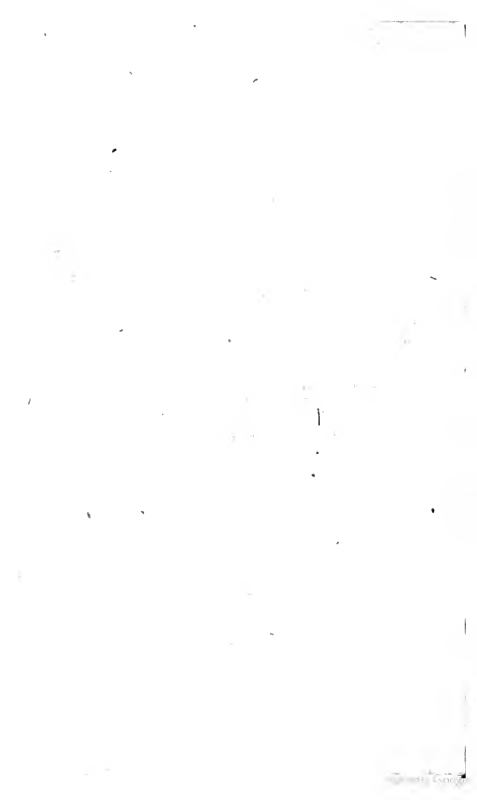




CONTENTS.



	Page
ENCOMIUM ON CUNNINGHAM	5
MISCELLANIES	7
PASTORALS	50
FABLES	76
TALES	81
ODES	86
EPISTLES	92
SONGS	96
PROLOGUES	123
EPILOGUES	138
EPIGRAMS	149
IMITATIONS	151



ENCOMIUM ON CUNNINGHAM.

From Fergusson's Elegy to his Memory.

YE mournful meanders and groves,
Delight of the Muse and her song!
Ye grottos and dripping alcoves,
No strangers to Corydon's tongue.

Let each Sylvan and Dryad declare
His themes and his music how dear,
Their plants and their dirges prepare,
Attendant on Corydon's bier.

The reed of each shepherd will mourn,
The shades of Parnassus decay;
The Muses will dry their sad urn,
Since reft of young Corydon's lay.

To him every passion was known
That throb'd in the breast with desire,
Each gentle affection was shown
In the soft sighing songs of his lyre.

Like the carolling thrush on the spray
In music soft warbling and wild,
To love was devoted each lay,
In accents pathetic and mild.

To the cheerful he usher'd his smiles,
To the woful, his sigh and his tear;
A condoler with want and her toils,
When the voice of oppression was near.

Let the favour'd of Fortune attend
To the ails of the wretched and poor;
Though Corydon's lays could befriend,
'Tis riches alone that can cure.

MISCELLANIES.

THE CONTEMPLATIST:

A Night Piece.

Nox erat——

Cum tacet omnis ager, pecudes, pictæque volucres.

THE queen of Contemplation, Night,
Begins her balmy reign;
Advancing in their varied light
Her silver-vested train.
'Tis strange, the many-marshall'd stars,
That ride yon sacred round,
Should keep, among their rapid cars,
A silence so profound!
A kind, a philosophic calm,
The cool creation wears!
And what Day drank of dewy balm,
The gentle Night repairs.
Behind their leafy curtains hid,
The feather'd race how still!
How quiet now the gamesome kid,
That gamboll'd round the hill!
The sweets, that bending o'er their banks,
From sultry day declin'd,
Revive in little velvet ranks,
And scent the western wind.

The moon, preceded by the breeze
That bade the clouds retire,
Appears, amongst the tufted trees,
A phoenix-nest on fire.

But soft—the golden glow subsides!
Her chariot mounts on high!
And now, in silver'd pomp, she rides
Pale regent of the sky!

Where Time, upon the wither'd tree
Hath carv'd the moral chair,
I sit, from busy passions free,
And breathe the placid air.

The wither'd tree was once in prime;
Its branches brav'd the sky!
Thus, at the touch of ruthless Time,
Shall youth and vigour die.

I'm lifted to the blue expanse:
It glows serenely gay!
Come, Science, by my side, advance,
We'll search the milky-way.

Let us descend—The daring flight
Fatigues my feeble mind;
And Science, in the maze of light,
Is impotent and blind.

What are those wild, those wandering fires,
That o'er the moorland ran?—
Vapours.—How like the vague desires
That cheat the heart of Man!

But there's a friendly guide!—a flame,
That lambent o'er its bed,
Enlivens, with a gladsome beam,
The hermit's osier-shed.

Among the russet shades of night,
It glances from afar;
And darts along the dusk, so bright,
It seems a silver star!

In coverts, where the few frequent,
If Virtue deigns to dwell;
'Tis thus, the little lamp, Content,
Gives lustre to her cell.

How smooth that rapid river slides,
Progressive to the deep!
The poppies, pendent o'er its sides,
Have charm'd the waves to sleep.

Pleasure's intoxicated sons!
Ye indolent! ye gay!
Reflect—for, as the river runs,
Life wings its trackless way.

That branching grove of dusky green
Conceals the azure sky;
Save where a starry space, between,
Relieves the darken'd eye.

Old Error, thus, with shades impure,
Throws sacred Truth behind:
Yet sometimes, through the deep obscure,
She bursts upon the mind.

Sleep, and her sister Silence reign;
They lock the shepherd's fold:
But hark—I hear a lamb complain,
'Tis lost upon the wold!

To savage herds, that hunt for prey,
An unresisting prize!
For having trod a devious way,
The little rambler dies.

As luckless is the Virgin's lot,
Whom pleasure once misguides;
When hurried from the halcyon-cot,
Where Innocence presides——

The passions, a relentless train!
To tear the victim run:
She seeks the paths of peace in vain,
Is conquer'd—and undone.

How bright the little insects blaze,
Where willows shade the way;
As proud as if their painted rays
Could emulate the day!

'Tis thus, the pigmy-sons of power
Advance their vain parade!
Thus, glitter in the darken'd hour,
And like the glow-worms fade!

The soft serenity of night,
Ungentle clouds deform!
The silver host, that shone so bright,
Is hid behind a storm!

The angry elements engage!
An oak, an ivied bower,
Repels the rough wind's noisy rage,
And shields me from the shower.

The raucour, thus, of rushing Fate,
I've learnt to render vain:
For whilst Integrity's her seat,
The soul will sit serene.

A raven, from some greedy vault,
Amidst that cloister'd gloom,
Bids me (and 'tis a solemn thought!)
Reflect upon the tomb.

The tomb!—the consecrated dome!

The temple rais'd to Peace!

The port, that to its friendly home

Compels the human race!

Yon village, to the moral mind,

A solemn aspect wears;

Where sleep hath lull'd the labour'd hind,

And kill'd his daily cares:

'Tis but the church-yard of the Night;

An emblematic bed!

That offers to the mental sight,

The temporary dead.

From hence, I'll penetrate, in thought,

The grave's unmeasur'd deep;

And tutor'd, hence, be timely taught

To meet my final sleep.

'Tis peace—the little chaos past!

The gracious moon restor'd!

A breeze succeeds the frightful blast,

That through the forest roar'd!

The nightingale, a welcome guest,

Renews her gentle strains;

And Hope, just wandering from my breast,

Her wonted seat regains.

Yes—when yon lucid orb is dark,

And darting from on high;

My soul, a more celestial spark,

Shall keep her native sky.

Fan'd by the light, the lenient breeze,

My limbs refreshment find;

And moral rhapsodies, like these,

Give vigour to the mind.

A LANDSCAPE.

Rura mihi et irrigui placeant in vallibus amnes.

VIRG.

Now that Summer's ripen'd bloom
 Frolics where the Winter frown'd,
 Stretch'd upon these banks of broom,
 We command the landscape round.

Nature in the prospect yields
 Humble dales, and mountains bold,
 Meadows, woodlands, heaths, and fields
 Yellow'd o'er with waving gold.

Goats upon that frowning steep,
 Fearless, with their kidlings browse;
 Here a flock of snowy sheep,
 There an herd of motley cows.

On the uplands, every glade
 Brightens in the blaze of day;
 O'er the vales, the sober shade
 Softens to an evening grey.

Where the rill, by slow degrees,
 Swells into a crystal pool,
 Shaggy rocks and shelving trees
 Shoot to keep the waters cool.

Shiver'd by a thunder-stroke,
 From the mountain's misty ridge,
 O'er the brook a ruin'd oak,
 Near the farm-house, forms a bridge.

On her breast the sunny beam
 Glitters in meridian pride;
 Yonder as the virgin stream
 Hastens to the restless tide :—

Where the ships by wanton gales
 Wafted, o'er the green waves run,
 Sweet to see their swelling sails
 Whiten'd by the laughing sun!

High upon the daisied hill,
 Rising from the slope of trees,
 How the wings of yonder mill
 Labour in the busy breeze!—

Cheerful as a summer's morn,
 (Bouncing from her loaded pad)
 Where the maid presents her corn,
 Smirking, to the miller's lad.

O'er the green a festal throng
 Gambols, in fantastic trim!
 As the full cart moves along,
 Hearken—'tis their harvest-hymn!

Linnetts on the crowded sprays
 Chorus,—and the woodlarks rise,
 Soaring with a song of praise,
 Till the sweet notes reach the skies.

Torrents in extended sheets
 Down the cliffs, dividing, break:
 'Twixt the hills the water meets,
 Settling in a silver lake!

From his languid flocks, the swain,
 By the sun-beams sore opprest,
 Plunging on the watery plain,
 Ploughs it with his glowing breast.

Where the mantling willows nod,
 From the green bank's slopy side,
 Patient, with his well-thrown rod,
 Many an angler breaks the tide!

On the isles, with osiers drest,
Many a fair-plum'd halcyon breeds;
Many a wild bird hides her nest,
Cover'd in yon crackling reeds.
Fork-tail'd prattlers, as they pass
To their nestlings in the rock,
Darting on the liquid glass,
Seem to kiss the mimic'd flock.
Where the stone-cross lifts its head,
Many a saint and pilgrim hoar,
Up the hill was wont to tread,
Barefoot, in the days of yore.
Guardian of a sacred well,
Arch'd beneath yon reverend shades,
Whilom, in that shatter'd cell,
Many a hermit told his beads.
Sultry mists surround the heath
Where the gothic dome appears,
O'er the trembling groves beneath,
Tottering with a load of years.
Turn to the contrasted scene,
Where, beyond these hoary piles,
Gay, upon the rising green,
Many an attic building smiles!
Painted gardens—grots—and groves,
Intermingling shade and light!
Lengthen'd vistas, green alcoves,
Join to give the eye delight.
Hamlets—villages, and spires,
Scatter'd on the landscape lie,
Till the distant view retires,
Closing in an azure sky.

ELEGY ON A PILE OF RUINS.

Aspice murorum moles, præruptaque saxa!

JANUS VITALIS.

Omnia, tempus edax depascitur, omnia carpit.

SENECA.

IN the full prospect yonder hill commands,
O'er barren heaths and cultivated plains;
The vestige of an ancient abbey stands,
Close by a ruin'd castle's rude remains.

Half buried, there lie many a broken bust,
And obelisk, and urn, o'erthrown by Time;
And many a cherub, there, descends in dust
From the rent roof, and portico sublime.

The rivulets, oft frightened at the sound
Of fragments tumbling from the tow'rs on high,
Plung'd to their source in secret caves profound,
Leaving their banks and pebbly bottoms dry.

Where reverend shrines in gothic grandeur stood,
The nettle or the noxious night-shade spreads;
And ashlings, wafted from the neighbouring
wood,
Through the worn turrets wave their trembling
heads.

There Contemplation, to the crowd unknown,
Her attitude compos'd, and aspect sweet,
Sits musing on a monumental stope,
And points to the Memento at her feet.

Soon as sage Evening check'd Day's sunny pride,
I left the mantling shade in moral mood;
And seated by the Maid's sequester'd side,
Sigh'd, as the mouldering monuments I view'd.

Inexorably calm, with silent pace
Here Time hath pass'd—What ruin marks his
way!
This pile now crumbling o'er its hallow'd base,
Turn'd not his step, nor could his course delay.

Religion rais'd her supplicating eyes
In vain; and Melody her song sublime:
In vain, Philosophy, with maxims wise,
Would touch the cold unfeeling heart of Time.

Yet the hoar tyrant, though not mov'd to spare,
Relented when he struck its finish'd pride;
And partly the rude ravage to repair,
The tottering towers with twisted ivy tied.

How solemn is the cell o'ergrown with moss,
That terminates the view, yon cloister'd way!
In the crush'd wall, a time-corroded cross,
Religion-like, stands mould'ring in decay!

Where the mild sun, through saint-encipher'd glass,
Illum'd with mellow light yon dusky aisle,
Many rapt hours might Meditation pass,
Slow moving 'twixt the pillars of the pile!

And Piety, with mystic-meaning beads,
Bowing to saints on every side inurn'd,
Trode oft the solitary path that leads
Where now the sacred altar lies o'eturn'd!

Through the grey grove, between those with'ring
trees,

'Mongst a rude group of monuments, appears
A marble-imag'd matron on her knees,
Half wasted, like a Niobe in tears.

Low levell'd in the dust her darling's laid!
Death pitied not the pride of youthful bloom;
Nor could maternal piety dissuade,
Or soften the fell tyrant of the tomb.

The relics of a mitred saint may rest,
Where, mould'ring in the niche, his statue stands;
Now nameless as the crowd that kiss'd his vest,
And crav'd the benediction of his hands.

Near the brown arch, redoubling yonder gloom,
The bones of an illustrious Chieftain lie;
As, trac'd among the fragments of his tomb,
The trophies of a broken Fame imply.

Ah! what avails, that o'er the vassal plain
His rights and rich demesnes extended wide!
That Honour and her knights compos'd his train,
And Chivalry stood marshal'd by his side!

Though to the clouds his castle seem'd to climb,
And frown'd defiance on the desperate foe;
Though deem'd invincible, the conqueror Time
Levell'd the fabric, as the founder, low.

Where the light lyre gave many a softening sound,
Ravens and rooks, the birds of discord, dwell;
And were Society sat sweetly crown'd,
Eternal Solitude has fix'd her cell.

The lizard and the lazy lurking bat
Inhabit now, perhaps, the painted room,
Where the sage matron and her maidens sat,
Sweet singing at the silver-working loom.

The traveller's bewilder'd on a waste;
And the rude winds incessant seem to roar,
Where, in his groves with arching arbours grac'd,
Young lovers often sigh'd in days of yore.

His aqueducts, that led the limpid tide
To pure canals, a crystal cool supply!
In the deep dust their barren beauties hide:
Time's thirst, unquenchable, has drain'd them
dry!

Though his rich hours in revelry were spent,
With Comus, and the laughter-loving crew;
And the sweet brow of Beauty, still unbent,
Brighten'd his fleecy moments as they flew:

Fleet are the fleecy moments! fly they must;
Not to be stay'd by masque or midnight roar!
Nor shall a pulse, among that mould'ring dust,
Beat wanton at the smiles of Beauty more!

Can the deep Statesman, skill'd in great design,
Protract but for a day precarious breath?
Or the tun'd follower of the sacred Nine
Soothe, with his melody, insatiate Death?

No:—though the palace bar her golden gate,
Or monarchs plant ten thousand guards around;
Unerring, and unseen, the shaft of Fate
Strikes the devoted victim to the ground!

What then avails Ambition's wide stretch'd wing,
The Schoolman's page, or pride of Beauty's
bloom!

The crape-clad hermit, and the rich-rob'd king,
Levell'd, lie mix'd promiscuous in the tomb.

The Macedonian monarch, wise and good,
Bade, when the morning's rosy reign began,
Courtiers should call, as round his couch they stood,
'Philip! remember, thou'rt no more than man:

'Though glory spread thy name from pole to pole;
Though thou art merciful, and brave, and just;
Philip, reflect, thou'rt posting to the goal,
Where mortals mix in undistinguish'd dust!

So Saladin, for arts and arms renown'd,
(Egypt and Syria's wide domains subdu'd,)
Returning with imperial triumphs crown'd,
Sigh'd, when the perishable pomp he view'd.

And as he rode, high in his regal car,
In all the purple pride of conquest drest;
Conspicuous o'er the trophies gain'd in war,
Plac'd, pendent on a spear, his burial vest:

While thus the herald cried—'This son of power,
This Saladin, to whom the nations bow'd,
May, in the space of one revolving hour,
Boast of no other spoil but yonder shroud!

Search where Ambition rag'd with rigour steel'd;
Where Slaughter, like the rapid lightning, ran;
And say, while Memory weeps the blood-stain'd
field,
Where lies the chief, and where the common man;

Vain then are pyramids, and motto'd stones,
And monumental trophies rais'd on high!
For Time confounds them with the crumbling
bones,
That, mix'd in hasty graves, unnotic'd lie.

Rests not beneath the turf the peasant's head,
Soft as the lord's, beneath the labour'd tomb?
Or sleeps one colder, in his close clay bed,
Than t'other in the wide vault's dreary womb?

Hither, let Luxury lead her loose-rob'd train;
Here flutter Pride, on purple-painted wings:
And from the moral prospect learn,—how vain
The wish that sighs for sublunary things!

HYMEN.

WHEN Chloe, with a blush comply'd,
To be the fond Nicander's bride,
His wild imagination ran
On raptures never known by man.
How high the tides of fancy swell,
Expression must despair to tell.

A painter call'd,——Nicander cries,
' Decending from the radiant skies,
Draw me a bright, a beauteous boy,
The herald of connubial joy!
Draw him with all peculiar care,
Make him beyond Adonis fair;

Give to his cheeks a roseate hue,
 Let him have eyes of heavenly blue,
 Lips softening in nectarious dew;
 A lustre o'er his charms display,
 More glorious than the beams of day.
 Expect, sir, if you can succeed,
 A premium for a Prince indeed.'

}

His talents straight the painter tried,
 And, ere the nuptial-knot was tied,
 A picture in the noblest taste
 Before the fond Nicander plac'd.

The lover thus arraign'd his skill;—
 ' Your execution's monstrous ill!
 A different form my fancy made;
 You're quite a bungler at the trade.
 Where is the robe's luxuriant flow?
 Where is the cheek's celestial glow?
 Where are the looks so fond and free?
 'Tis not an Hymen, sir, for me!

The painter bow'd—with this reply;—
 ' My colours an't, your Honour, dry;
 When time has mellow'd ev'ry tint,
 'Twill please you—or the deuce is in't,
 I'll watch the happy change, and then
 Attend you with my piece again.'

In a few months the painter came
 With a performance—still the same:

' Take it away,—(the husband cried,)
 I have repeated cause to chide:

Sir, you should all excesses shun;
This is a picture overdone!
There's too much ardour in that eye,
The tincture on the cheeks, too high!
The robes have a lascivious play,
The attitude's too loosely gay.
Friend, on the whole, this piece, for me,
Is too luxuriant—far too free.'

The painter thus—' The faults you find
Are form'd in your capricious mind;
To passion a devoted slave,
The first directions, sir, you gave;
Possession has repell'd the flame,
Nor left a sentiment the same.

My picture is design'd to prove
The changes of precarious love.

On the next stair-case rais'd on high,
Regard it with a curious eye;
As to the first steps you proceed,
'Tis an accomplish'd piece indeed!
But as you mount some paces higher,
Is there a grace that don't expire?'

So various is the human mind,
Such are the frailties of mankind,
What at a distance charm'd our eyes,
After attainment—droops—and dies.

STANZAS

ON THE DEATH OF KING GEORGE II.

Pallida mors æquo pulsat pede pauperum tabernas,
Regumque turres. HOR.

TENANTS of liberty on Britain's plain,
With flocks enrich'd, a vast unnumber'd store!
'Tis gone, the mighty George's golden reign;
Your Pan, your great defender, is no more!

The nymphs that in the sacred groves preside,
Where Albion's conquering oaks eternal spring,
In the brown shades their secret sorrows hide,
And, silent, mourn the venerable King.

Hark! how the winds, oft bounteous to his will,
That bore his conquering fleets to Gallia's shore,
After a pause, pathetically still,
Burst in loud peals, and through the forests roar.

On Conquest's cheek the vernal roses fail,
Whilst laurell'd Victory distressful bows!
And Honour's fire ethereal burns but pale,
That late beam'd glorious on our George's brows.

The Muses mourn—an ineffectual band!
Each sacred harp without an owner lies;
The Arts, the Sciences, dejected stand,
For, ah! their patron, their protector dies.

Beauty no more the toy of fashion wears,
(So late by Love's designful labour drest,)
But from her brow the glowing diamond tears,
And with the sable cypress veils her breast.

Religion, lodg'd high on her pious pile,
Laments the fading state of crowns below ;
Whilst Melancholy fills the vaulted aisle
With the slow music of a nation's woe.

The dreary paths of unrelenting fate, ~
Must monarch's, mix'd with common mortals, try?
Is there no refuge?—are the good, the great,
The gracious, and the god-like, doom'd to die?

Must the gay court be chang'd for Horror's cave?
Must mighty Kings that kept the world in awe,
Conquer'd by time, and the unpitying grave,
Submit their laurels to Death's rigorous law?

If in the tent retir'd, or battle's rage, [ear,
Britannia's sighs shall reach great Frederick's¹
He'll drop the sword, or close the darling page,
And pensive pay the tributary tear.

Then shall the monarch weigh the moral thought,
(As he laments the parent, friend, ally,)
The solemn truth by sage Reflection taught,
That, spite of glory, Frederick's self shall die !

The parent's face a prudent painter hides²,
While Death devours the darling of his age :
Nature the stroke of pencil'd art derides,
When grief distracts with agonizing rage.

¹ King of Prussia.

² In a picture representing the sacrifice of Iphigenia, Apelles, despairing to represent the natural distraction of a parent on so affecting an occasion, drew the figure of Agamemnon with a veil thrown over his face.

So let the Muse her sablest curtain spread,
 By sorrow taught her nerveless power to know :
 When nations cry, their king, their father's dead !
 The rest is dumb unutterable woe.

But see—a sacred radiance beams around,
 And with returning hope a people cheers :
 Look at yon Youth, with grace imperial crown'd :
 How awful, yet how lovely in his tears !

Mark how his breast expands the filial sigh,
 He droops, distrest, like a declining flower,
 Till Glory, from her radiant sphere on high
 Hails him, to hold the regal reins of power.

The sainted Sire to realms of bliss remov'd ;
 Like the fam'd phœnix, from his pyre shall spring
 Successive Georges, gracious and belov'd,
 And good and glorious as the parent King !

ON THE

FORWARDNESS OF SPRING.

—tibi, flores, plenis
 Ecce ferunt nymphæ calathis.

VIRG.

O'ER Nature's fresh bosom, by verdure unbound,
 Bleak Winter blooms lovely as Spring :
 Rich flow'rets (how fragrant!) rise wautonly round,
 And Summer's wing'd choristers sing !

To greet the young monarch of Britain's blest isle,
 The groves with gay blossoms are grac'd !
 The primrose peeps forth with an innocent smile,
 And cowslips crowd forward in haste !

Dispatch, gentle Flora, the nymphs of your train
Through woodlands, to gather each sweet:
Go: rob, of young roses, the dew-spangled plain,
And strew the gay spoils at his feet.

Two chaplets of laurel, in verdure the same,
For George, oh ye virgins, entwine!
From Conquest's own temples these ever-greens
And those from the brows of the Nine! [came,

What honours, ye Britons! (one emblem implies)
What glory to George shall belong!
What Miltons, (the other) what Addisons rise,
To make him immortal in song!

To a wreath of fresh oak, England's emblem of
Whose honours with time shall increase! [power!
Add a fair olive-sprig, just unfolding its flower,
Rich token of concord and peace!

Next give him young myrtles, by beauty's bright
Collected,—the pride of the grove! [queen
How fragrant their odour! their foliage how green!
Sweet promise of conjugal love.

Let Gaul's captive lilies, cropt close to the ground,
As trophies of conquest be tied:
The virgin's all cry, 'There's not one to be fond!
Out-bloom'd by his roses—they died.'

Ye foes of Old England, such fate shall ye share,
With George, as our glories advance—
Through envy you'll sicken,—you'll droop,—you'll
And die—like the lilies of France! [despair,

THE VIOLET.

SHELTER'D from the bright ambition,
Fatal to the pride of rank,
See me in my low condition,
Laughing on the tufted bank.

On my robes (for emulation)
No variety's imprest :
Suited to an humble station,
Mine's an unembroider'd vest.

Modest though the maids declare me,
May, in her fantastic train,
When Pastora deigns to wear me,
Ha'n't a floweret half so vain.

THE NARCISSUS.

As pendent o'er the limpid stream
I bow'd my snowy pride,
And languish'd in a fruitless flame,
For what the Fates denied ;
The fair Pastora chanc'd to pass,
With such an angel-air,
I saw her in the watery glass,
And lov'd the rival fair.

Ye fates, no longer let me pine,
A self-admiring sweet ;
Permit me, by your grace divine,
To kiss the fair-one's feet :

That if by chance the gentle maid
My fragrance should admire,
I may—upon her bosom laid,
In sister-sweets expire.

THE BROKEN CHINA.

Soon as the sun began to peep
And gild the morning skies,
Young Chloe, from disorder'd sleep,
Unveil'd her radiant eyes.

A guardian Sylph, the wanton sprite
That waited on her still,
Had teiz'd her all the tedious night
With visionary ill.

'Some shock of fate is surely nigh,
Exclaim'd the timorous maid:
What do these horrid dreams imply
My Cupid can't be dead!'

She call'd her Cupid by his name,
In dread of some mishap;
Wagging his tail, her Cupid came,
And jump'd into her lap.

And now the best of brittle ware,
Her sumptuous table grac'd:
The gentle emblems of the fair,
In beauteous order plac'd,

The kettle boil'd, and all prepar'd
To give the morning-treat,
When Dick, the country beau appear'd,
And bowing, took his seat.

Well—chatting on of that and this,
The maid revers'd her cup;
And, tempted by the forfeit-kiss,
The bumpkin turn'd it up.

With transport he demands the prize;
Right fairly it was won:
With many a frown the fair denies;—
Fond baits to draw him on.

A man must prove himself polite,
In such a case as this;
So Richard strives with all his might
To force the forfeit kiss,

But as he strove—O dire to tell!
(And yet with grief I must)
The table turn'd—the china fell,
A heap of painted dust!

' O fatal purport of my dream!
(The fair, afflicted, cried,)
Occasion'd, I confess my shame,
By childishness and pride :

' For in a kiss, or two, or three,
No mischief could be found;
Then had I been more frank and free,
My china had been sound.'

ON

SIR W—— B——T's BIRTH-DAY.

DOES true Felicity on grandeur wait?
Delights she in the pageantry of show?
Say, can the glitt'ring gew-gaws of the great
An hour of inborn happiness bestow?
He that is just, benevolent, humane,
In conscious rectitude supremely blest,
O'er the glad hearts of multitudes shall reign,
Though the gay star ne'er blaz'd upon his breast.
Ye happy children of the hoary North,
Hail the glad day that saw your patron born;
Whose private virtues and whose public worth
Might the rich seats of royalty adorn.

ON THE DEATH OF LORD GRANBY.

FOR private loss the lenient tear may flow,
And give a short, perhaps a quick relief;
While the full heart, o'ercharg'd with public woe,
Must labour through a long protracted grief.
This sudden stroke ('twas like the lightning's blast)
The sons of Albion can't enough deplore;
Think, Britons, think on all his triumphs past,
And weep—your Warrior is—alas! no more.
Blight, we are told, respects the Conqueror's tree,
And through the laurel grove with caution flies:
Vague—and how vain must that assertion be,
Cover'd with laurels when a Granby dies!

ON THE DEATH OF MR. ———,
OF SUNDERLAND.

Go, breath of Sorrow; go, attending sighs!
Acquaint the natives of the northern shore,
The man they lov'd, the man they honour'd, dies,
And Charity's first steward—is no more.

Where shall the poor a friendly patron find?
Who shall relieve them from their loads of pain?
Say, has he left a feeling heart behind,
So gracious—good—so tenderly humane!

Yes—there survives his darling offspring—young,
Yet in the paths of Virtue, steady—sure!
'Twas the last lesson from his parent's tongue—
'Think, (O remember) think upon my poor.'



ON THE DEATH OF MRS. SLEIGH,
OF STOCKTON.

MUCH lov'd, much honour'd, much lamented
Sleigh!
The kindred Virtues had expir'd with thee,
Were it ordain'd the daughters of the sky,
Like the frail offspring of the earth, could die;
Trembling they stand, at thy too early doom,
And mingling tears to consecrate thy tomb.

ON A VERY YOUNG LADY,

SEE, how the buds and blossoms shoot;
How sweet will be the summer fruit!
Let us behold the infant rose;
How fragrant when its beauty blows!
The morning smiles, serenely gay;
How bright will be the promis'd day!
Contemplate next the charming maid,
In early innocence array'd;
If, in the morning of her years,
A lustre so intense appears,
When time shall point her noon-tide rays,
When her meridian charms shall blaze,
None but the eagle-ey'd must gaze. }

TO THE HON. MASTER B——.

SENT WITH A CHOICE COLLECTION OF BOOKS.

THOUGH, gentle youth! thy calm untainted mind
Be like a morning in the Spring serene,
Time may commit the passions unconfin'd
To the rude rigour of a noontide reign.

Then in the morn of placid life be wise,
And travel through the groves of science soon;
There cull the plants of virtue, that may rise
A peaceful shelter from that sultry noon.

ON SEEING W. R. CHETWOOD

CHEERFUL IN A PRISON.

SAY, lov'd Content—fair Goddess! say,
Where shall I seek thy soft retreat,
How shall I find thy halcyon seat,
Or trace thy secret way?

Love pointed out a pleasing scene,
Where nought but beauty could be found,
With roses and with myrtles crown'd,
And nam'd thee for its queen.

Delusion all!—a specious cheat!
At my approach the roses fade;
I found each fragrance quite decay'd,
And curs'd the fond deceit.

At courts I've tried, where splendour shone,
Where pomp and gilded cares reside,
'Midst endless hurry, endless pride,
But there thou wast unknown.

Yet in the captive's dreary cell,
Lodg'd with a long-experienc'd sage,
With the fam'd Chiron¹ of the Stage,
The goddess deign'd to dwell.

Integrity and truth serene
Had eas'd the labours of his breast,
And lull'd his peaceful heart to rest,
'Midst perfidy and pain.

¹ He had been thirty years Prompter at the London Theatre.

A soul like his, disrob'd of guile,
With native innocence elate,
Above the keenest rage of Fate,
Can greet her with a smile.

ON SOME BUSES BEING FITTED OUT
FOR THE HERRING FISHERY.

O'ER the green waves, where Britain boasts her
 sway,
Round the wide waste of our long-slighted sea;
Let the glad tale in sacred accents swell,
Let babbling Tritons to the sea-gods tell
' Britain's at last grown conscious of her shame ;
Britain awakes her ravish'd rights to claim;
Britain;—see pale Batavians trembling at the
 name.'
Abash'd—confounded—let the dull Mynheer
No more between our sacred banks appear.
Shall the dull Dutch exult in our disgrace,
Rifle our wedded waves before our face?
Feast on the joys of our luxuriant spouse,
And plant upon old Albion's chalky brows?
No, Britons! no—George and your Genius smile,
And new-born beauties rise propitious to your isle !

ON

*HEARING DAVID HUME, ESQ.*PARTICULARLY ADMIRER IN A COMPANY OF
PETIT-MAITRES.

DID rocks and trees in ancient days
Round tuneful Orpheus throng,
Mov'd by the bard's enliv'ning lays,
And sensible of song?

When the bold Orpheus of our age,
With true pathetic fire,
Unfolds the philosophic page,
The very beaux admire!

ON GOLD.

BEAUTY'S a bawble, a trifle in price!
'Tis glass, or 'tis something as glaring;
But set it in gold—'tis so wonderful nice,
That a prince should be proud in the wearing.

How feeble the transport when passion is gone!
How pall'd when the honey-moon's over!
When kissing—and cooing—and toying, are done;
'Tis Gold must enliven the lover.

ON ALDERMAN W——.

THE HISTORY OF HIS LIFE.

THAT he was born it cannot be denied.
He ate, drank, slept, talk'd politics, and died.

AN ELEGY ON HIS DEATH.

THAT Fate would not grant a reprieve,
'Tis true we have cause to lament;
Yet faith 'tis a folly to grieve,
So e'en let us all be content.

On the stone that was plac'd o'er his head
(When he mingled with shadows so grim).
These words may be every day read,
' Here lies the late Alderman Whim.'

MELODY.

LIGHTSOME as convey'd by sparrows,
Love and Beauty cross'd the plains;
Flights of little pointed arrows
Love dispatch'd among the swains :
But so much our shepherds dread him,
(Spoiler of their peace profound)
Swift as scudding fawns they fled him,
Frighted, though they felt no wound.

Now the wanton god grown slyer,
And for each fond mischief ripe,
Comes disguis'd in Pan's attire,
Tuning sweet an oaten-pipe :
Echo, by the winding river,
Doubles his delusive strains ;
While the boy conceals his quiver,
From the slow-returning swains.

As Palemon, unsuspecting,
 Prais'd the sly musician's art,
 Love his light disguise rejecting,
 Lodg'd an arrow in his heart :
 Cupid will enforce our duty,
 Shepherds, and would have you taught,
 Those who, timid, fly from Beauty,
 May by Melody be caught.

REPUTATION.

An Allegory.

To travel far as the wide world extends,
 Seeking for objects that deserv'd their care,
 Virtue set forth, with two selected friends,
 Talent refin'd, and Reputation fair.

As they went on, in their intended round,
 'Talent first spoke :—' My gentle comrades, say,
 Where each of you may probably be found,
 Should Accident divide us on the way.

' If torn (she added) from my lov'd allies,
 A friendly patronage I hope to find
 Where the fine Arts from cultivation rise,
 And the sweet Muse hath harmoniz'd mankind.'

Says Virtue, ' Did Sincerity appear,
 Or meek-ey'd Charity among the great ;
 Could I find courtiers from corruption clear,
 'Tis among these I'd seek for my retreat.

‘ Could I find patriots for the public weal
 . Assiduous, and without their selfish views ;
 Could I find priests of undissembled zeal,
 ’Tis among those my residence I’d choose.

‘ In glittering domes let Luxury reside ;
 I must be found in some sequester’d cell,
 Far from the paths of Avarice or Pride,
 Where home-bred Happiness delights to
 dwell.’—

‘ Ye may be trac’d, my gentle friends, ’tis true ;
 But who (says Reputation) can explore
 My slippery steps?—Keep, keep me in your view,
 If I’m once lost, you’ll never find me more.’

INSCRIPTION

ON THE HOUSE AT MAVIS-BANK, NEAR EDINBURGH.
 SITUATED IN A GROVE.

PARVA domus! nemorosa quies!
 Sis tu, quoque nostris
 Hospitium, laribus, subsidiumque diu!
 Flora tuas ornet postes, Pomonaque mensas!
 Conferat ut varias fertilis hortus opes!
 Et volucres pictæ cingentes voce canora,
 Retia sola canent quæ sibi tendit amor!
 Floriferi colles, dulces mihi sæpe recessus
 Dent, atque hospitibus gaudia plena meis!
 Concedatque Deus nunquam, vel sero senescas,
 Seroque terrenas experiare vices!
 Integra reddantur quæ plurima sæcula rodant
 Detur, et ut senio pulchrior eniteas.

IMITATED.

PEACE has explor'd this silvan scene,
She courts your calm retreat,
Ye groves of variegated green,
That grace my genial seat!
Here, in the lap of lenient ease,
(Remote from mad'ning noise)
Let me delude a length of days,
In dear domestic joys!

Long may the parent Queen of Flow'rs
Her fragrance here display!
Long may she paint my mantling bow'rs,
And make my portals gay!
Nor you, my yellow gardens, fail
To swell Pomona's hoard!
So shall the plenteous, rich regale—
Replenish long my board!

Pour through the groves your carols clear,
Ye birds! nor bondage dread:
If any toils entangle here,
'Tis those which Love hath spread.
Where the green hill so gradual slants,
Or flowery glade extends,
Long may these fair, these favourite hannts,
Prove social to my friends!

May you preserve perpetual bloom,
My happy halcyon seat!
Or if fell Time denounce thy doom,
Far distant be its date!

And when he makes, with iron rage,
Thy youthful pride his prey;
Long may the honours of thy age
Be reverenc'd in decay!

INSCRIPTION

ON THE SAME HOUSE.

HANC in gremio resonantis sylvæ
Aquis, hortis, aviumque garritu,
Cæterisque ruris honoribus,
Undique renidentem villam,
Non magnificam—non superbam;
At qualem vides,
Commodam, mundam, genialem
Naturæ parem, socians artem.
Sibi, suisque
Ad vitam placide,
Et tranquille agendum
Designavit, instruxitque.

D. I. C.

IMITATED.

IN the deep bosom of my grove,
A sweet recess survey!
Where birds, with elegies of love,
Make vocal every spray.
A silvan spot, with woods—with waters crown'd,
With all the rural honours blooming round!

This little, but commodious seat
 (Where Nature weds with Art)
A'nt to the eye superbly great ;
 Its beauties charm the heart.
Here, may the happy founder and his race
Pass their full days in harmony and peace!

EULOGIUM ON MASONRY.

SPOKEN BY MR. DIGGES, AT EDINBURGH.

SAY, can the garter or the star of state,
That on the vain or on the vicious wait,
Such emblems with such emphasis impart,
As an insignium near the Mason's heart?

Hail, sacred Masonry! of source divine,
Unerring mistress of the faultless line,
Whose plumb of Truth, with never-failing sway,
Makes the join'd parts of Symmetry obey!

Hail to the Craft! at whose serene command
The gentle arts in glad obedience stand ;
Whose magic stroke bids fell confusion cease,
And to the finish'd orders yield its place ;
Who calls creation from the womb of earth,
And gives imperial cities glorious birth.

To works of art her merit's not confin'd,
She regulates the morals, squares the mind ;
Corrects with care the tempest-working soul,
And points the tide of passions where to roll;

On Virtue's tablets marks each sacred rule,
And forms her Lodge an universal school;
Where nature's mystic laws unfolded stand,
And sense and science join'd, go hand in hand.

O! may her social rules instructive spread,
Till truth erect her long-neglected head ;
Till, through deceitful night she dart her ray,
And beam, full glorious, in the blaze of day !
Till man by virtuous maxims learn to move ;
Till all the peopled world her laws approve,
And the whole human race be bound in brother's
love.

AN INVITATION.

*Including the Characters of the particular Company
that frequented Mr. Buxton's elegant Country-house at
Weston, the Family intending for London.*

COME, Daphne! as the widow'd turtle true,
Foremost in grief, conduct the mournful crew!
Come, Delia! beauteous as the new-born Spring,
With song more soft than raptur'd angels sing:
Let Thyrsis in the bloom of Summer's pride
With folded arms walk pensive by her side.
Clarinda! come, like rosy morning fair,
Thy form as beauteous as thy heart's sincere;
On her shall Cimon gaze with rude delight,
Till polish'd by her charms he grows polite.
Dorinda next—her gay good humour fled,
With silent steps and grief-dejected head!
Palemon! see, his tuneless harp unstrung
Is on the willow-boughs neglected hung!

Come, Cælia! sigh'd for by unnumber'd swains :
Rosetta! pride of the extended plains :
With Phillis, whose unripen'd charms display
A dawn that promises the future day.
With cypress crown'd, to Weston's groves repair;
The conscious shades shall witness our despair :
To vales, and lawns, and woodlands, late so gay,
Where in sweet converse we were wont to stray,
The joys we've lost in plaintive numbers tell,
And bid the social seat a long farewell!

AN APOLOGY

FOR A CERTAIN LADY.

To an old dotard's wretched arms betray'd,
The wife (miscall'd) is but a widow'd maid.
Young, and impatient at her wayward lot,
If the dull rules of duty are forgot,
Whatever ills from her defection rise,
The parent's guilty who compell'd the ties.

STANZAS

ADDRESSED TO MISS S——.

WHEN Flora decks the mantling bowers
In elegant array,
And scatters all her opening flowers,
A compliment to May!

With glowing joy my bosom beats,
 I gaze delighted round,
 And wish to see the various sweets
 In one rich nosegay bound.

'Tis granted—and their bloom display'd
 To bless my wondering view ;
 I see them all—my beauteous maid,
 I see them all in—You.

FRAGMENT.

Part of a Poem written on Miss Bellamy when in Dublin.

FROM slavish rules, mechanic forms, untied,
 She soars, with sacred nature for her guide.
 The smile of peace—the wildness of despair—
 The softening sight—the soul-dissolving tear ;
 Each magic charm the boasted Oldfield knew,
 Enchanting Bellamy! revives in you.

'Tis thine, resistless, the superior art
 To search the soul, and trace the various heart ;
 With native force, with unaffected ease,
 To form the yielding passions as you please !

Oldmixon's¹ charms, by melody imprest,
 May gently touch the song-enamour'd breast ;
 But transient raptures must attend the wound
 Where the light arrow is convey'd by sound !

Or should Mechel² all languishing advance,
 Her limbs display'd in every maze of dance,
 (The soul untouch'd) she captivates the sight ;
 But breathing wit with judgment must unite
 To give the man of reason unconfin'd delight. }

¹ A lady celebrated for singing.

² A dancer, then in Smock-alley theatre.

F R A G M E N T.

TO MR. WOODS,

Architect of the Exchange at Liverpool.

WHERE Mersey³ rolls her wealth-bestowing waves,
 And the wide sandy beach triumphant laves;
 Where naval store in harbour'd safety rides,
 Unmov'd by storms, unhurt by threatening tides;
 Commerce—paternal goddess! sits serene,
 Commandant of the tributes of the main.

But yet no temple lifts its high-top'd spire;
 Simple her seat—and artless her attire!
 Around attendant priests in order wait,
 Guiltless of pomp and ignorant of state:
 The godhead's power though unadorn'd they own,
 And bend with incense—at her low-built throne.

Pallas beheld—she quits the ambient skies,
 And thus the blue-ey'd maid indignant cries:
 'Is it for thee—my Woods!—to sit supine?
 ('Thy genius fraught with ev'ry grace of mine)
 Is it for thee—to whose mysterious hand
 Science—and sister-arts obsequious stand,
 Inglorious thus to let a goddess pine?
 No throne—no temple—no superior shrine! [rise,
 Haste, haste! command the well-wrought columns
 And lift my favourite Commerce to the skies.'

* * * * *

 R E C A N T A T I O N .

OF spleen so dormant, indolence so great,
 I've thoughtless flatter'd what in truth I hate.

¹ The river Mersey at Liverpool.

A CHARACTER.

THE Muse of a soldier so whimsical sings,
He's captain at once to four different kings;
And though in their battles he boldly behaves,
To their queens he's a cull, and a dupe to their
knaves.

Whilst others are cheerfully join'd in the chase,
Young Hobbinol's hunting the critical ace:
On feasts or on fasts though the parson exclaim,
Under hedges or haycocks he'll stick to his game:
Yet the priest cannot say he's quite out of his fold,
For he's always at church—when a tithe's to be sold.

WITH A PRESENT.

LET not the hand of Amity be nice!
Nor the poor tribute from the heart disclaim;
A trifle shall become a pledge of price,
If Friendship stamps it with her sacred name.

The little rose that laughs upon its stem,
One of the sweets with which the gardens teem,
In value soars above an eastern gem,
If tender'd as the token of esteem.

Had I vast hoards of massy wealth to send,
Such as your merits might demand—their due!
Then should the golden tribute of your friend
Rival the treasures of the rich Peru.

LINES

SENT TO MISS BELL H—, WITH A PAIR OF
BUCKLES.

HAPPY trifles, can ye bear
Sighs of fondness to the fair?
If your pointed tongues can tell,
How I love my charming Bell:
Fondly take a lover's part,
Plead the anguish of my heart.

Go—ye trifles—gladly fly,
(Gracious in my fair one's eye)
Fly—your envied bliss to meet;
Fly, and kiss the charmer's feet.

Happy there, with waggish play,
Though you revel day by day,
Like the donor, every night,
(Robb'd of his supreme delight)
To subdue your wanton pride,
Useless, you'll be thrown aside.

EPIGRAPHE

FOR DEAN SWIFT'S MONUMENT.

Executed by Mr. P. Cunningham, Statuary in Dublin.

SAY, to the Drapier's vast unbounded fame,
What added honours can the sculptor give?
None:—'tis a sanction from the Drapier's name
Must bid the sculptor and his marble live.

FROM A
TRUANT TO HIS FRIENDS.

'Tis not in cells, or a sequester'd cot,
The mind and morals properly expand ;
Let Youth step forward to a busier spot,
Led by Discretion's cool conducting hand.

To learn some lessons from the schools of man,
(Forgive me!) I forsook my darling home;
Not from a light, an undigested plan,
Nor from a youthful appetite to roam.

In your affections—(let resentment fly!)
Restore me to my long-accustom'd place;
Receive me with a kind, forgiving eye,
And press me in the parent's fond embrace.

FROM THE AUTHOR

TO A CELEBRATED METHODIST PREACHER.

HYPOCRISY'S Son!
No more of your fun;
A truce with fanatical raving :
Why censure the Stage?
'Tis known to the age
That both of us thrive by—deceiving.

'Tis frequently said
That two of a trade
Will boldly each other bespatter :
But trust me, they're fools
Who play with edg'd tools;
So let's have no more of the matter.

PASTORALS.

DAY.

—Carpe diem.

HOR.

MORNING.

IN the barn the tenant cock,
Close to partlet perch'd on high,
Briskly crows, (the shepherd's clock!)
Jocund that the morning's nigh.

Swiftly from the mountain's brow,
Shadows, nurs'd by night, retire :
And the peeping sun-beam, now
Paints with gold the village-spire.

Philomel forsakes the thorn,
Plaintive where she prates at night ;
And the Lark, to meet the morn,
Soars beyond the shepherd's sight.

From the low-roof'd cottage-ridge,
See the chattering Swallow spring ;
Darting through the one-arch'd bridge,
Quick she dips her dappled wing.

Now the pine-tree's waving top
Gently greets the morning gale :
Kidlings, now, begin to crop
Daisies, in the dewy dale.

From the balmy sweets, uncloy'd,
(Restless till her task be done)
Now the busy bee's employ'd,
Sipping dew before the sun.

Trickling through the crevic'd rock,
Where the limpid stream distils,
Sweet refreshment waits the flock
When 'tis sun-drove from the hills.

Colin, for the promis'd corn
(Ere the harvest hopes are ripe)
Anxious, hears the huntsman's horn,
Boldly sounding, drown his pipe.

Sweet,—O sweet, the warbling throng,
On the white emblossom'd spray !
Nature's universal song
Echoes to the rising Day.

NOON.

FERVID on the glittering flood,
Now the noon-tide radiance glows :
Drooping o'er its infant bud,
Not a dew-drop's left the rose.

By the brook the shepherd dines ;
From the fierce meridian heat
Shelter'd, by the branching pines,
Pendent o'er his grassy seat.

Now the flock forsakes the glade,
Where, uncheck'd, the sun-beams fall ;
Sure to find a pleasing shade
By the ivy'd abbey-wall.

Echo, in her airy round
O'er the river, rock, and hill,
Cannot catch a single sound,
Save the clack of yonder mill.

Cattle court the zephyrs bland,
Where the streamlet wanders cool;
Or with languid silence stand
Midway in the marshy pool.

But from mountain, dell, or stream,
Not a fluttering zephyr springs:
Fearful lest the noon-tide beam
Scorch its soft, its silken wings.

Not a leaf has leave to stir,
Nature's lull'd—serene—and still!
Quiet e'en the shepherd's cur,
Sleeping on the heath-clad hill.

Languid is the landscape round,
Till the fresh descending shower,
Grateful to the thirsty ground,
Raises every fainting flower.

Now the hill—the hedge—is green,
Now the warblers' throats in tune!
Blithsome is the verdant scene,
Brighten'd by the beams of Noon!

EVENING.

O'ER the heath the heifer strays
Free;—(the furrow'd task is done)
Now the village-windows blaze,
Burnish'd by the setting sun.

Now he hides behind the hill,
Sinking from a golden sky :
Can the pencil's mimic skill,
Copy the refulgent dye ?

Trudging as the ploughmen go,
(To the smoking hamlet bound)
Giant-like their shadows grow,
Lengthen'd o'er the level ground.

Where the rising forest spreads,
Shelter for the lordly dome !
To their high-built airy beds,
See the rooks returning home !

As the lark with varied tune,
Carols to the Evening loud ;
Mark the mild resplendent moon,
Breaking through a parted cloud !

Now the hermit-howlet peeps
From the barn, or twisted brake :
And the blue mist slowly creeps,
Curling on the silver lake.

As the trout in speckled pride,
Playful from its bosom springs ;
To the banks a ruffled tide
Verges, in successive rings.

Tripping through the silken grass,
O'er the path-divided dale,
Mark the rose complexion'd lass,
With her well-pois'd milking pail.

Linnets, with unnumber'd notes,
And the cuckoo-bird with two,
Tuning sweet their mellow throats,
Bid the setting sun adieu !

PALEMON.

PALEMON, seated by his favourite maid,
The silvan scenes, with ecstasy, survey'd ;
Nothing could make the fond Alexis gay,
For Daphne had been absent half the day :
Dar'd by Palemon for a pastoral prize,
Reluctant, in his turn, Alexis tries.

PALEMON.

This breeze by the river how charming and soft !
How smooth the grass carpet ! how green !
Sweet, sweet sings the lark ! as he carols aloft,
His music enlivens the scene !
A thousand fresh flow'rets, unusually gay,
The fields and the forests adorn ;
I pluck'd me some roses, the children of May,
And could not find one with a thorn.

ALEXIS.

The skies are quite clouded, too bold is the breeze,
Dull vapours descend on the plain ;
The verdure's all blasted that cover'd yon trees,
The birds cannot compass a strain :
In search for a chaplet my temples to bind,
All day as I silently rove,
I can't find a flow'ret (not one to my mind)
In meadow, in garden, or grove.

PALEMÓN.

I ne'er saw the hedge in such excellent bloom,
The lambkins so wantonly gay ;
My cows seem to breathe a more pleasing perfume,
And brighter than common the day :
If any dull shepherd should foolishly ask,
So rich why the landscapes appear?
To give a right answer, how easy my task !
Because my sweet Phillida's here.

ALEXIS.

The stream that so muddy moves slowly along,
Once roll'd in a beautiful tide ;
It seem'd o'er the pebbles to murmur a song,
But Daphne sat then by my side.
See, see the lov'd maid, o'er the meadows she hies,
Quite alter'd already the scene !
How limpid the stream is! how gay the blue skies,
The hills and the hedges how green!

PHILLIS.

I SAID,—on the banks by the stream
I've pip'd for the shepherds too long :
Oh grant me, ye Muses, a theme,
Where glory may brighten my song !
But Pan¹ bade me stick to my strain,
Nor lessons too lofty rehearse ;
Ambition befits not a swain,
And Phillis loves pastoral verse.

¹ Shenstone.

The rose, though a beautiful red,
Looks faded to Phillis's bloom ;
And the breeze from the bean-flower bed
To her breath's but a feeble perfume :
The dew-drop so limpid and gay,
That loose on the violet lies,
Though brighten'd by Phœbus's ray,
Wants lustre, compar'd to her eyes.

A lily I pluck'd in full pride,
Its freshness with her's to compare ;
And foolishly thought, till I tried,
The floweret was equally fair.
How, Corydon, could you mistake?
Your fault be with sorrow confest ;
You said the white swans on the lake
For softness might rival her breast.

While thus I went on in her praise,
My Phillis pass'd sportive along :
Ye poets, I covet no bays,
She smil'd,——a reward for my song !
I find the god Pan's in the right,
No fame's like the fair-one's applause !
And Cupid must crown with delight
The shepherd that sings in his cause.

POMONA.

(ON THE CYDER BILL BEING PASSED.)

FROM orchards of ample extent,
Pomona's compell'd to depart ;
And thus, as in anguish she went,
The goddess unburthen'd her heart :—

‘ To flourish where Liberty reigns,
Was all my fond wishes requir’d;
And here I agreed with the swains
To live till their freedom expir’d.

‘ Of late you have number’d my trees,
And threaten’d to limit my store :
Alas—from such maxims as these,
I fear that your freedom’s no more.

‘ My flight will be fatal to May :
For how can her gardens be fine ?
The blossoms are doom’d to decay,
The blossoms, I mean, that were mine.

‘ Rich Autumn remembers me well :
My fruitage was fair to behold !
My pears—how I ripen’d their swell !
My pippins!—were pippins of gold !

‘ Let Ceres drudge on with her ploughs !
She droops as she furrows the soil ;
A nectar I shake from my boughs,
A nectar that softens my toil.

‘ When Bacchus began to repine,
With patience I bore his abuse ;
He said that I plunder’d the vine,
He said that I pilfer’d his juice.

‘ I know the proud drunkard denies
That trees of my culture should grow :
But let not the traitor advise ;
He comes from the climes of your foe.

Alas ! in your silence I read
The sentence I'm doom'd to deplore :
'Tis plain the great Pan has decreed,
My orchard shall flourish no more.'

The goddess flew off in despair ;
As all her sweet honours declin'd :
And Plenty and Pleasure declare,
They'll loiter no longer behind.

DELIA.

THE gentle swan with graceful pride
Her glossy plumage laves,
And sailing down the silver tide,
Divides the whispering waves :
The silver tide, that wandering flows,
Sweet to the bird must be !
But not so sweet—blithe Cupid knows,—
As Delia is to me.

A parent-bird, in plaintive mood,
On yonder fruit-tree sung,
And still the pendent nest she view'd,
That held her callow young :
Dear to the mother's fluttering heart
The genial brood must be ;
But not so dear (the thousandth part!)
As Delia is to me.

The roses that my brow surround
Were natives of the dale ;
Scarce pluck'd, and in a garland bound,
Before their sweets grew pale !

My vital bloom would thus be froze,
 If luckless torn from thee;
 For what the root is to the rose,
 My Delia is to me.

Two doves I found, like new-fall'n snow,
 So white the beauteous pair!
 The birds to Delia I'll bestow,
 They're like her bosom fair!
 When, in their chaste connubial love,
 My secret wish she'll see;
 Such mutual bliss as turtles prove,
 May Delia share with me.

DAMON AND PHILLIS.

Donec gratus eram, &c.

HOR.

DAMON.

WHEN Phillis was faithful, and fond as she's fair,
 I twisted young roses in wreaths for my hair;
 But ah! the sad willow's a shade for my brows,
 For Phillis no longer remembers her vows! [flies,
 To the groves with young Colin the shepherdess
 While Damon disturbs the still plains with his sighs.

PHILLIS.

Bethink you, false Damon, before you upbraid,
 When Phœbe's fair lambkin had yesterday stray'd,
 Through the woodlands you wander'd, poor Phillis
 forgot!
 And drove the gay rambler quite home to her cot;
 A swain so deceitful no damsel can prize;
 'Tis Phœbe, not Phillis, lays claim to your sighs.

DAMON.

Like summer's full season young Phœbe is kind,
Her manners are graceful, untainted her mind !
The sweets of contentment her cottage adorn,
She's fair as the rose-bud, and fresh as the morn !
She smiles like Pomona—These smiles I'd resign,
If Phillis were faithful, and deign'd to be mine.

PHILLIS.

On the tabor young Colin so prettily plays,
He sings me sweet sonnets, and writes in my praise !
He chose me his true-love last Valentine-day,
When birds sat like bridegrooms all pair'd on the
 spray ;
Yet I'd drive the gay shepherd far, far from my mind,
If Damon, the rover, were constant and kind.

DAMON.

Fine folks, my sweet Phillis, may revel and range,
But fleeting's the pleasure that's founded on change !
In the villager's cottage such constancy springs,
That peasants with pity may look down on kings.
To the church then let's hasten, our transports to
 bind,
And Damon will always prove faithful and kind.

PHILLIS.

To the church then let's hasten, our transports
 to bind,
And Phillis will always prove faithful and kind.

CORYDON.

TO THE MEMORY OF WILLIAM SHENSTONE, ESQ.

COME, shepherds, we'll follow the hearse,
We'll see our lov'd Corydon laid:
Though sorrow may blemish the verse,
Yet let a sad tribute be paid.
They call'd him the pride of the plain;
In sooth he was gentle and kind!
He mark'd on his elegant strain
The graces that glow'd in his mind.

On purpose he planted yon trees,
That birds in the covert might dwell;
He cultur'd his thyme for the bees,
But never would rifle their cell:
Ye lambkins that play'd at his feet,
Go bleat—and your master bemoan;
His music was artless and sweet,
His manners as mild as your own.

No verdure shall cover the vale,
No bloom on the blossoms appear;
The sweets of the forest shall fail,
And winter discolour the year.
No birds in our hedges shall sing,
(Our hedges so vocal before)
Since he that should welcome the Spring,
Salutes the gay season no more.

His Phillis was fond of his praise,
And poets came round in a throng;
They listen'd——they envied his lays,
But which of them equall'd his song?

Ye shepherds, henceforward be mute,
For lost is the pastoral strain;
So give me my Corydon's flute,
And thus——let me break it in twain.

CORYDON AND PHILLIS.

HER sheep had in clusters crept close by the grove,
To hide from the rigours of day;
And Phillis herself, in a woodbine-alcove,
Among the fresh violets lay:
A youngling, it seems had been stole from its dam,
(’Twixt Cupid and Hymen a plot)
That Corydon might, as he search’d for his lamb,
Arrive at this critical spot.
As through the gay hedge for his lambkin he peeps,
He saw the sweet maid with surprise;
‘Ye gods! if so killing, (he cried) when she sleeps,
I’m lost when she opens her eyes!
To tarry much longer would hazard my heart,
I’ll onwards, my lambkin to trace:’—
In vain honest Corydon strove to depart,
For love had him nail’d to the place.
‘Hush, hush’d be these birds, what a bawling they
keep!
(He cried) you’re too loud on the spray,
Don’t you sec, foolish lark, that the charmer’s asleep!
You’ll wake her as sure as ’tis day:
How dare that fond butterfly touch the sweet maid!
Her cheek he mistakes for the rose;
I’d pat him to death, if I was not afraid
My boldness would break her repose.’

Young Phillis look'd up with a languishing smile,
 ' Kind shepherd, (she said) you mistake;
 I laid myself down just to rest me awhile,
 But trust me, have still been awake:—
 The shepherd took courage, advanc'd with a bow,
 He plac'd himself close by her side,
 And manag'd the matter, I cannot tell how,
 But yesterday made her his bride.

CONTENT.

O'ER moorlands and mountains, rude, barren, and
 As wilder'd and wearied I roam, [bare,
 A gentle young shepherdess sees my despair,
 And leads me—o'er lawns—to her home :
 Yellow sheaves from rich Ceres her cottage had
 Green rushes werestrew'd on her floor, [crown'd,
 Her casement sweet woodbines crept wantonly
 And deck'd the sod seats at her door. [round,
 We sat ourselves down to a cooling repast;
 Fresh fruits! and she cull'd me the best :
 While thrown from my guard by some glances she
 Love slily stole into my breast! [cast,
 I told my soft wishes; she sweetly replied,
 (Ye virgins, her voice was divine!)
 ' I've rich ones rejected, and great ones denied,
 But take me, fond shepherd—I'm thine.'
 Her air was so modest, her aspect so meek!
 So simple, yet sweet, were her charms!
 I kiss'd the ripe roses that glow'd on her cheek,
 And lock'd the dear maid in my arms.

Now jocund together we tend a few sheep,
And if, by yon prattler, the stream,
Reclin'd on her bosom, I sink into sleep,
Her image still softens my dream.

Together we range o'er the slow-rising hills,
Delighted with pastoral views,
Or rest on the rock whence the streamlet distils,
And point out new themes for my muse.
To pomp or proud titles she ne'er did aspire,
The damsel's of humble descent;
The cottager Peace is well known for her sire,
And shepherds have nam'd her Content.

THE RESPITE.

Ah, what is't to me that the grasshopper sings!
Or what, that the meadows are fair!
That (like little flow'rets, if mounted on wings,)
The butterflies flaunt it in air!
Ye birds, I'll no longer attend to a lay;
Your haunts in the forest resign;
Shall you, with your true loves, be happy all day,
Whilst I am divided from mine?

Where woodbines and willows inclin'd to unite,
We twisted a blooming alcove;
And oft has my Damon, with smiles of delight,
Declar'd it the Mantle of Love.
The roses that crept to our mutual recess,
And rested among the sweet boughs,
Are faded—they droop—and they cannot do less,
For Damon is false to his vows.

This oak has for ages the tempest defied,
 We call it—the King of the grove ;
 He swore, a light breeze should its centre divide,
 When he was not true to his love :
 Come, come, gentle zephyr, in justice descend,
 His falsehood you're bound to display ;
 This oak and its honours you'll easily rend,
 For Damon has left me—a day.

The shepherd rush'd forth from behind the thick
 Prepar'd to make Phillida blest, [tree,
 And clasping the maid, from a heart full of glee,
 The cause of his absence confest :
 High raptures, 'twas told him by masters in love,
 Too often repeated, would cloy ;
 And respites—he found were the means to im-
 And lengthen the moments of joy. [prove,

*A PASTORAL*¹.

WHERE the fond zephyr through the woodbine
 plays,
 And wakes sweet fragrance in the mantling bow'r,
 Near to that grove my lovely bridegroom stays
 Impatient,—for 'tis past—the promis'd hour !
 Lend me thy light, O ever-sparkling star !
 Bright Hesper ! in thy glowing pomp array'd,
 Look down, look down, from thy all-glorious car,
 And beam protection on a wandering maid.

¹ The hint taken from the 7th Idyllium of Moschus, translated by Dr. Broome.

'Tis to escape the penetrating spy,
 And pass, unnotic'd, from malignant sight,
 This dreary waste, full resolute, I try,
 And trust my footsteps to the shades of night.

The Moon has slip'd behind an envious cloud;
 Her smiles, so gracious, I no longer view;
 Let her remain behind that envious shroud,
 My hopes, bright Hesperus, depend on you.

No rancour ever reach'd my harmless breast;
 I hurt no birds, nor rob the bustling bee:
 Hear, then, what Love and Innocence request,
 And shed your kindest influence on me.

Thee—Venus loves—first twinkler of the sky,
 Thou art her star—in golden radiance gay!
 On my distresses cast a pitying eye,
 Assist me—for, alas! I've lost my way.

I see the darling of my soul—my Love!
 Expression can't the mighty rapture tell:
 He leads me to the bosom of the grove;
 Thanks, gentle star—kind Hesperus, farewell!



ON THE BIRTH OF QUEEN CHARLOTTE.

A Pastoral Hymn to Janus.

Te primum pia thura rogent—te vota salutant,
 —te colat omnis honos. MART. ad Janum.

To Janus, gentle shepherds! raise a shrine:
 His honours be divine!

And as to mighty Pan with homage bow :
To him, the virgin-troop shall tribute bring ;
Let him be hail'd like the green-liveried Spring,
Spite of the wintry storms that stain his brow.

The pride, the glowing pageantry of May,
Glides wantonly away ;
But January¹, in his rough-spun vest,
Boasts the full blessings that can never fade,
He that gave birth to the illustrious maid,
Whose beauties make the British Monarch blest!

Could the soft Spring with all her sunny showers,
The frolic nurse of flowers!
Or flaunting Summer, flush'd in ripen'd pride,
Could they produce a finish'd sweet so rare :
Or from his golden stores, a gift so fair,
Say, has the fertile Autumn e'er supplied?

Henceforward, let the hoary month be gay
As the white-hawthorn'd May!
The laughing goddess of the Spring disown'd,
Her rosy wreath shall on His brows appear;
Old Janus, as he leads, shall fill the year,
And the less fruitful Autumn be dethron'd.

Above the other months supremely blest,
Glad Janus stands confest !
He can behold with retrospective face
The mighty blessings of the year gone by;
Where, to connect a Monarch's nuptial tie,
Assembled every glory, every grace!

¹ This poem was written on the supposition that her Majesty's birth-day was really in the month of January.

When he looks forward on the flattering year,
The golden hours appear,
As in the sacred reign of Saturn, fair :
Britain shall prove from this propitious date,
Her honours perfect, victories complete,
And boast the brightest hopes, a British Heir!

ON THE APPROACH OF MAY.

THE virgin, when soften'd by May,
Attends to the villager's vows;
The birds sweetly bill on the spray,
And poplars embrace with their boughs;
On Ida bright Venus may reign,
Ador'd for her beauty above!
We shepherds that dwell on the plain,
Hail May as the mother of love.

From the west as it wantonly blows,
Fond zephyr caresses the vine;
The bee steals a kiss from the rose,
And willows and woodbines entwine:
The pinks by the rivulet-side,
That border the vernal alcove,
Bend downward to kiss the soft tide;
For May is the mother of love.

May tinges the butterfly's wing,
He flutters in bridal array;
And if the wing'd foresters sing,
Their music is taught them by May.

The stock-dove, recluse with her mate,
Conceals her fond bliss in the grove,
And, murmuring, seems to repeat—
That May is the mother of love.

The goddess will visit you soon,
Ye virgins! be sportive and gay:
Get your pipes, oh ye shepherds! in tune,
For music must welcome the May.
Would Damon have Phillis prove kind,
And all his keen anguish remove,
Let him tell her soft tales, and he'll find
That May is the mother of love.



ON THE

LATE ABSENCE OF MAY.

IN THE YEAR 1771.

THE rooks in the neighbouring grove
For shelter cry all the long day;
Their huts, in the branches above,
Are cover'd no longer by May:
The birds that so cheerfully sung,
Are silent, or plaintive each tone,
And, as they chirp low to their young,
The want of their goddess bemoan.

No daisies on carpets of green,
O'er Nature's cold bosom are spread;
Not a sweet-briar sprig can be seen,
To finish this wreath for my head:

Some flow'rets indeed may be found,
But these neither blooming nor gay;
The fairest still sleep in the ground,
And wait for the coming of May.

December, perhaps, has purloin'd
Her rich, though fantastical geer;
With envy the months may have join'd,
And jostled her out of the year:
Some shepherds, tis 'true, may repine,
To see their lov'd gardens undrest,
But I—whilst my Phillida's mine,—
Shall always have May in my breast.

F O R T U N E:

An Apologue.

Fabula narratur.

Jove and his senators, in sage debate
For Man's felicity, were settling laws,
When a rude roar that shook the sacred gate,
Turn'd their attention to inquire the cause.

A long-ear'd wretch, the loudest of his race,
In the rough garniture of grief array'd,
Came brawling to the high imperial place,
' Let me have justice, Jupiter!'—he bray'd.

' I am an Ass, of innocence allow'd
The type, yet Fortune persecutes me still;
While foxes, wolves, and all the murdering crowd,
Beneath her patronage can rob and kill.

‘ The pamper’d horse (he never toil’d so hard!)
 Favour and friendship from his owner finds;
 For endless diligence (a rough reward!)
 I’m cudgel’d by a race of paltry hinds.

‘ On wretched provender compell’d to feed!
 The rugged pavement every night my bed;
 For me, dame Fortune never yet decreed
 The gracious comforts of a well-thatch’d shed.

‘ Rough and unseemly’s my irreverent hide!
 Where can I visit, thus uncouthly drest?
 That outside elegance the dame denied,
 For which her favourites are too oft caress’d.

‘ To suffering virtue, sacred Jove! be kind;
 From Fortune’s tyranny pronounce me free:
 She’s a deceiver, if she says she’s blind;
 She sees, propitiously sees, all—but me.’

The plaintiff could articulate no more:
 His bosom heav’d a most tremendous groan!
 The race of long-ear’d wretches join’d the roar,
 Till Jove seem’d tottering on his high-built throne.

The Monarch, with an all-commanding sound,
 (Deepen’d like thunder through the rounds of
 space)
 Gave order,—‘ That dame Fortune should be found,
 To answer, as she might, the plaintiff’s case.’

Soldiers and citizens, a seemly train!
 And lawyers and physicians, sought her cell,
 With many a schoolman—but their search was vain:
 Few can the residence of Fortune tell.

Where the wretch Avarice was wont to hide
His gold, his emeralds, and rubies rare,
'Twas rumour'd that dame Fortune did reside,—
And Jove's ambassadors were posted there.

Meagre and wan, in tatter'd garments drest,
A feeble porter at the gate they found:
Doubled with wretchedness—with age distrest,
And on his wrinkled forehead Famine frown'd.

'Mortals avaunt, (the trembling spectre cries,)
Ere you invade those sacred haunts, beware!
To guard Lord Avarice, from rude surprise,
I am the centinel—my name is Care.

'Doubts, Disappointments, Anarchy of mind,
These are the soldiers that surround his hall;
And every Fury that can lash mankind,
Rage, Rancour, and Revenge attend his call.

'Fortune's gone forth; you seek a wandering dame,
A settled residence the harlot scorns:
Curse on such visitants; she never came
But with a cruel hand she scatter'd thorns!

'To the green vale, yon sheltering hills surround,
Go forward; you'll arrive at Wisdom's cell:
Would you be taught where Fortune may be found,
None can direct your anxious search so well.'

Forward they went, o'er many a dreary spot;
(Rough was the road, as if untrod before,)
Till from the casement of a low-roof'd cot
Wisdom perceiv'd them, and unbarr'd her door.

Wisdom (she knew of Fortune but the name,)

Gave to their questions a serene reply :

‘ Hither, (she said,) if e’er that goddess came,
I saw her not—she pass’d unnotic’d by.

‘ Abroad with Contemplation oft I roam,

And leave to Poverty my humble cell :

She’s my domestic, never stirs from home,

If Fortune has been here, ’tis she can tell.

The matron eyes us from yon mantling shade,

And see her sober footsteps this way bent!

Mark by her side a little rose-lip’d maid,

’Tis my young daughter, and her name’s Content.’

As Poverty advanc’d with lenient grace,

‘ Fortune (she cried) hath never yet been here :

But Hope, a gentle neighbour of this place,

Tells me, her highness may, in time, appear.

‘ Felicity, no doubt, adorns their lot,

On whom her golden bounty beams divine!

Yet though she never reach our rustic cot,

Patience will visit us—we sha’n’t repine.’

After a vast but unavailing round,

The messengers, returning in despair,

On a high hill a fairy-mansion found,

And hop’d the goddess, Fortune, might be there.

The dome, so glittering, it amaz’d the sight,

(’Twas adamant, with gems encrusted o’er,)

Had not a casement to admit the light,

Nor could Jove’s deputies descry the door.

But eager to conclude a tedious chase,
And anxious to return from whence they came,
Thrice they invok'd the Genius of the place,
Thrice utter'd, awfully, Jove's sacred name.

As Echo from the hill announc'd high Jove,
Illusion and her fairy-dome withdrew:
(Like the light mists by early sunbeams drove)
And Fortune stood reveal'd to public view.

Oft for that happiness high courts denied,
To this receptacle dame Fortune ran:
When harrass'd, it was here she us'd to hide
From the wild suits of discontented Man.

Prostrate, the delegates their charge declare,
(Happy the courtier that salutes her feet!)
Fortune receiv'd them with a flattering air, [seat.
And join'd them till they reach'd Jove's judgment-

Men of all ranks at that illustrious place
Were gather'd; though from different motives
keen:

Many—to see dame Fortune's radiant face,
Many— by radiant Fortune to be seen.

Jove smil'd, as on a fav'rite he esteems,
He gave her, near his own, a golden seat:
Fair Fortune's an adventurer, it seems,
The deities themselves are glad to greet.

' Daughter, (says Jupiter,) you're sore accus'd!
Clamour incessantly reviles your name!
If by the rancour of that wretch abus'd,
Be confident, and vindicate your fame.

‘ Though pester’d daily with complaints from Man,
Through this conviction I record them not—

Let my kind Providence do all it can,
None of that species ever lik’d his lot.

‘ But the poor quadruped that now appeals!
(Can wanton cruelty the weak pursue?)

Large is the catalogue of woes he feels,
And all his wretchedness he lays to you.’

‘ Ask him, high Jupiter! (replied the dame)
In what he has excell’d his long-ear’d class?

Is Fortune, a divinity, to blame
That she descends not to regard—an Ass?”

Fame enter’d in her rolls the sage reply;
The dame, defendant, was discharg’d with grace.

‘ Go—(to the plaintiff, said the sire,) and try
By merit to surmount your low-born race.

‘ Learn from the Lion to be just and brave,
Take from the Elephant instruction wise;
With gracious breeding like the Horse behave,
Nor the sagacity of Hounds despise.

‘ These useful qualities with care imbibe,
For which some quadrupeds are justly priz’d:
Attain those talents that adorn each tribe,
And you’ll no longer be a wretch despis’d.’

FABLES.

THE *ANT AND CATERPILLAR.*

As an Ant, of his talents superiorly vain,
Was trotting, with consequence, over the plain;
A Worm, in his progress remarkably slow,
Cried—‘Bless your good worship, wherever you go;
I hope your great mightiness won’t take it ill,
I pay my respects with a hearty good-will.’
With a look of contempt and impertinent pride,
‘Begone, you vile reptile, (his Antship replied;)
Go—go, and lament your contemptible state,
But first—look at me—see my limbs how complete;
I guide all my motions with freedom and ease,
Run backward and forward, and turn when I please:
Of Nature, grown weary, you shocking essay!
I spurn you thus from me—crawl out of my way.’

The reptile insulted, and vexed to the soul,
Crept onwards, and hid himself close in his hole;
But Nature, determin’d to end his distress,
Soon sent him abroad in a Butterfly’s dress.

Ere long the proud Ant, as repassing the road,
(Fatigu’d from the harvest, and tugging his load,)

The beau on a violet-bank he beheld,
 Whose vesture, in glory, a monarch's excell'd;
 His plumage expanded—'twas rare to behold,
 So lovely a mixture of purple and gold.

The Ant quite amaz'd at a figure so gay,
 Bow'd low with respect, and was trudging away;
 'Stop, friend, (says the Butterfly) don't be surpris'd,
 I once was the reptile you spurn'd and despis'd;
 But now I can mount, in the sun-beams I play,
 While you must, for ever, drudge on in your way.'

MORAL.

A wretch, though to-day he's o'er-loaded with
 sorrow,
 May soar above those that oppress'd him—to-morrow.

 THE ROSE AND BUTTERFLY.

At day's early dawn a gay Butterfly spied
 A budding young Rose, and he wish'd her his bride:
 She blush'd when she heard him his passion declare,
 And tenderly told him—he need not despair.

Their faith was soon plighted; as lovers will do,
 He swore to be constant, she vow'd to be true.

It had not been prudent to deal with delay,
 The bloom of a rose passes quickly away,
 And the pride of a butterfly dies in a day. }

When wedded, away the wing'd gentleman hies,
 From flow'ret to flow'ret he wantonly flies;

Nor did he revisit his bride, till the sun
Had less than one-fourth of his journey to run.

'The Rose thus reproach'd him—'Already so cold!
How feign'd, O you false one! the passion you told!
'Tis an agesince you left me (she meant a few hours;
But such we'll suppose the fond language of
flowers:)

I saw when you gave the base violet a kiss:—
How—how could you stoop to a meanness like this?
Shall a low, little wretch, whom we Roses despise,
Find favour, O love! in my Butterfly's eyes?
On a tulip, quite tawdry, I saw your fond rape,
Nor yet could the pitiful primrose escape:
Dull daffodils too, were with ardour address'd,
And poppies, ill-scented, you kindly caress'd.'

The coxcomb was piqu'd, and replied with a sneer,
'That you're first to complain, I commend you,
my dear;
But know, from your conduct my maxims I drew,
And if I'm inconstant, I copy from you.

I saw the boy Zephyrus rifle your charms,
I saw how you' simper'd, and smil'd in his arms;

The honey-bee kiss'd you, you cannot disown;
You favour'd besides—O dishonour!—a drone;
Yet worse—'tis a crime that you must not deny,
Your sweets were made common, false Rose! to—
a fly.'

MORAL.

This law, long ago, did Love's Providence make,
That every Coquet should be curs'd with a Rake.

THE
SHEEP AND THE BRAMBLE-BUSH.

A THICK-TWISTED brake, in the time of a storm,
Seem'd kindly to cover a sheep :
So snug, for awhile, he lay shelter'd and warm,
It quietly sooth'd him asleep.

The clouds are now scatter'd, the winds are at
peace ;

The sheep to his pasture inclin'd :
But ah! the fell thicket lays hold of his fleece,
His coat is left forfeit behind.

My friend! who the thicket of law never tried,
Consider before you get in ;
Though judgment and sentence are pass'd on your
side,
By Jove, you'll be fleec'd to the skin!

THE FOX AND THE CAT.

THE Fox and the Cat, as they travell'd one day,
With moral discourses cut shorter the way :—
' 'Tis great (says the Fox) to make justice our
guide!
' How godlike is mercy !'—Grimalkin replied.

Whilst thus they proceeded, a Wolf from the
wood,
Impatient of hunger, and thirsting for blood,
Rush'd forth, as he saw the dull shepherd asleep,
And seiz'd for his supper an innocent sheep.

‘ In vain, wretched victim, for mercy you bleat,
When mutton’s at hand, (says the Wolf) I must eat.’

Grimalkin’s astonish’d—the Fox stood aghast,
To see the fell beast at his bloody repast.

‘ What a wretch, (says the Cat,)—’tis the vilest
of brutes :

Does he feed upon flesh, when there’s herbage
and roots?’

Cries the Fox—‘ While our oaks give us acorns so
good,

What a tyrant is this, to spill innocent blood !’

Well, onward they march’d, and they moraliz’d
still,

Till they came where some poultry pick’d chaff
by a mill ;

Sly Reynard survey’d them with gluttonous eyes,
And made (spite of morals) a pullet his prize.

A Mouse too, that chanc’d from her covert to
stray,

The greedy Grimalkin secur’d as her prey.

A Spider that sat in her web on the wall,
Perceiv’d the poor victims, and pitied their fall ;
She cried—‘ Of such murders how guiltless am I !’
So ran to regale on a new-taken fly.

MORAL.

The faults of our neighbours with freedom we blame,
But tax not ourselves, though we practise the same.

TALES.

THE THRUSH AND THE PYE.

CONCEAL'D within a hawthorn bush,
We're told, that an experienc'd Thrush
Instructed, in the prime of Spring,
Many a neighbouring bird to sing.
She caroll'd, and her various song
Gave lessons to the listening throng :
But, the entangling boughs between,
'Twas her delight to teach unseen.

At length, the little wondering race
Would see their favourite, face to face ;
They thought it hard to be denied,
And beg'd that she'd no longer hide.
O'er-modest, worth's peculiar fault,
Another shade the tutoress sought ;
And loth to be too much admir'd,
In secret from the bush retir'd.

An impudent, presuming Pye,
Malicious, ignorant, and sly,
Stole to the matron's vacant seat,
And in her arrogance elate,
Rush'd forward—with—' My friends, you see
The mistress of the choir in me !
Here, be your due devotion paid,
I am the songstress of the shade.'

A Linnet, that sat listening nigh,
Made the impostor this reply :
' I fancy, friend, that vulgar throats
Were never form'd for warbling notes :
But if these lessons came from you,
Repeat them in the public view ;
That your assertions may be clear,
Let us behold as well as hear.'

The lengthening song, the softening strain,
Our chattering Pye attempts in vain ;
For, to the fool's eternal shame,
All she could compass was a scream.

The birds, enrag'd, around her fly,
Nor shelter nor defence is nigh :
The caitiff-wretch, distress'd, forlorn !
On every side is peck'd and torn ;
Till, for her vile atrocious lies,
Under their angry beaks, she dies.

Such be his fate, whose scoundrel-claim
Obtrudes upon a neighbour's fame.

Friend E——n¹, the tale apply,
You are, yourself, the chattering Pye :
Repent, and with a conscious blush,
Go make atonement to the Thrush².

¹ An Ayrshire Bookseller, who pirated an Edition of ' The Pleasing Instructor.'

² The Compiler, and reputed Authoress of the Original Essays in that book.

THE PICTURE.

A PORTRAIT, at my Lord's command,
Completed by a curious hand ;
For dabblers in the nice Vertù
His Lordship set the piece to view,
Bidding the Connoisseurships tell,
Whether the work was finish'd well.
' Why, (says the loudest) on my word,
'Tis not a likeness, good, my Lord ;
Nor, to be plain ; for speak I must,—
Can I pronounce one feature just.'
Another effort straight was made,
Another portraiture essay'd ;
The judges were again besought,
Each to deliver what he thought.
' Worse than the first, (the critics bawl)
O what a mouth ! how monstrous small !
Look at the cheeks, how lank and thin !
See, what a most preposterous chin !'
After remonstrance made in vain,
' I'll (says the painter) once again,
(If my good Lord vouchsafes to sit)
Try for a more successful hit :
If you'll to-morrow deign to call,
We'll have a piece to please you all.'
' To-morrow comes—a picture's plac'd
Before those spurious sons of Taste—
In their opinions all agree,
This is the vilest of the three.
' Know—to confute your envious pride,
(His lordship from the canvass cried)

Know—that it is my real face,
Where you could no resemblance trace :
I've tried you by a lucky trick,
And prov'd your Genius to the quick.
Void of all judgment, justice, sense,
Out—ye pretending varlets—hence.'

The Connoisseurs depart in haste,
Despis'd—detected—and disgrac'd.

THE WITCH.

A WITCH, that from her ebon chair
Could hurl destruction through the air,
Or, at her all-commanding will,
Make the tumultuous ocean still :
Once, by an incantation fell,
(As the recording druids tell,)
Pluck'd the round Moon, whose radiant light
Silver'd the sober noon of night,
From the domain she held above,
Down to a dark infernal grove.

'Give me (the goddess cried) a cause,
Why you disturb my sacred laws?
Look at my train, yon wandering host,
See how the trembling stars are lost!
Through the celestial regions wide,
Why do they range without a guide?
Chaos, from our confusion, may
Hope for his old detested sway.'

‘I’m (says the Witch) severely crost,
Know that my favourite Squirrel’s lost :
Search—for I’ll have creation torn,
If he’s not found before the morn.’

Soon as the impious charge was given—
From the tremendous stores of heaven,
Jove with a bolt—revengeful! red!
Struck the detested monster dead.

If there are slaves to pity blind,
With power enough to plague mankind,
That for their own nefarious ends,
Tread upon Freedom and her friends,
Let ‘em beware the Witch’s fate!
When their presumption’s at the height,
Jove will his angry powers assume,
And the curs’d miscreants meet their doom.

ODES.

AN

IRREGULAR ODE ON MUSIC.

CEASE, gentle Sounds, nor kill me quite,
With such excess of sweet delight!
Each trembling note invades my heart,
And thrills through every vital part;
A soft, a pleasing pain
Pursues my heated blood through every vein; }
What, what does the enchantment mean?
Ah! give the charming magic o'er,
My beating heart can bear no more.

Now wild with fierce desire,
My breast is all on fire!
In soften'd raptures, now, I die!—
Can empty sound such joys impart?
Can music thus transport the heart,
With melting ecstasy?
O art divine! exalted blessing!
Each celestial charm expressing!
Kindest gift the gods bestow!
Sweetest good that mortals know!

When seated in a verdant shade
(Like tuneful Thyrsis) Orpheus play'd;
The distant trees forsake the wood,
The listening beasts neglect their food,

To hear the heavenly sound ;
The Dryads leave the mountains,
The Naiads quit the fountains,
And in a sprightly chorus dance around.

To raise the stately walls of ancient Troy,
Sweet Phœbus did his tuneful harp employ :
See what soft harmony can do !
The moving rocks the sound pursue,
Till in a large collected mass they grew :
Had Thyrsis liv'd in these remoter days,
His were the chaplet of immortal bays !
Apollo's harp unknown,
The shepherd had remain'd of song
The deity alone.

BIRTH-DAY ODE:

PERFORMED AT THE CASTLE OF DUBLIN.

HARK—how the soul of Music reigns,
As when the first great birth of Nature sprung,
When Chaos burst his massy chains,
'Twas thus the cherubs sung :

' Hail—hail, from this auspicious morn
Shall British glories rise !
Now are the mighty treasures born,
That shall Britannia's fame adorn,
And lift her to the skies.

Let George's mighty banners spread,
His lofty clarions roar ;
Till warlike echo fills with dread
The hostile Gallic shore.

Mark—how his name with terror fills!
The magic sound Rebellion kills,
And brightens all the northern hills,
Where pallid treasons dwell;
The monster shall no more arise,
Upon the ground she panting lies!
Beneath his William's foot she dies,
And now, she sinks to hell.

Haste—let Ierne's harp be newly strung,
And after mighty George be William sung.

Talk no more of Grecian glory,
William stands the first in story:
He, with British ardour glows:
See—the pride of Gallia fading!
See—the youthful warrior leading
Britons, vengeful to their foes!

Fair is the olive-branch Hibernia boasts,
Nor shall the din of war disturb her coasts;
While Stanhope smiles, her sons are blest,
In native loyalty confest!

See—O see, thrice happy isle!
See what gracious George bestow'd;
Twice¹ have you seen a Stanhope smile,
These are gifts become a god!

How the grateful island glows!
Stanhope's name shall be rever'd;
Whilst by subjects, and by foes,
Sacred George is lov'd and fear'd.

¹ Earls of Chesterfield and Harrington, both successively
Lords Lieutenants of Ireland.

Like Persians to the rising sun,
 Respectful homage pay ;
 At George's birth our joys begun :
 Salute the glorious day !

ODE

FOR THE BIRTH-DAY OF THE KING OF PRUSSIA.

Arma, virumque cano.

VIRG.

MORE glorious than the comet's blaze,
 That through the starry region strays ;
 From Zembla to the Torrid Zone,
 The mighty name of Prussia's known.

Be banish'd from the books of fame,
 Ye deeds in distant ages done ;
 Lost and inglorious is the name
 Of Hannibal, or Philip's son :
 Could Greece, or conquering Carthage sing
 A hero great as Prussia's king !

Where restless envy can't explore,
 Or flatter'd hope presume to fly ;
 Fate bade victorious Frederic soar,
 For laurels that can never die.
 Could Greece, &c.

His rapid bolts tremendous break
 Through nations arm'd in dread array,
 Swift as the furious blasts that shake
 The bosom of the frighted sea.
 Could Greece, &c.

In vain, to shake the throne of Jove,
With impious rage, the giants tried ;
'Gainst Frederic's force the nations strove
In vain—their haughty legions died.
Could Greece, &c.

While prudence guides his chariot-wheels,
Through virtue's sacred paths they roll ;
Immortal truth his bosom steels,
And guards him glorious to the goal.
Could Greece, &c.

The vengeful lance Britannia wields
In concert with her brave ally,
Saves her fair roses in the fields
Where Gaul's detested lilies die.
Wreaths of eternal friendship spring,
'Twixt mighty George and Prussia's king.

The jocund bowl let Britons raise,
And crown the jovial board with mirth ;
Fill—to great Frederic's length of days,
And hail the hero's glorious birth—
Could Greece, or conquering Carthage sing
A chieftain fam'd like Prussia's king !

COMPOSED FOR THE BIRTH-DAY OF THE LATE
GENERAL LORD BLAKENEY.

THE Muses' harps, by concord strung !
Loud let them strike the festal lay,
Wak'd by Britannia's grateful tongue,
To hail her hero's natal day.
Arise, paternal glory ! rise,
And lift your Blakeney to the skies !

Behold his warlike banners wave !
Like Britain's oak, the hero stands :
The shield—the shelter of the brave !
The guardian o'er the British bands !
Arise, paternal, &c.

He wrests the wreath from Richlieu's¹ brows,
Which fraud or faction planted there ;
France to the gallant hero bows,
And Europe's chiefs his name revere.
Arise, paternal, &c.

With partial conquest on their side,
The sons of Gaul—a pageant crew !
Rank but inglorious in their pride,
To Blakeney and his vanquish'd few.
Arise, paternal, &c.

Hibernia², with maternal care,
His labour'd statue lifts on high :
Be partial, Time!—the trophy spare,
That Blakeney's name may never die.
Arise, paternal glory ! rise,
And lift your Blakeney to the skies.

¹ Commander of the expedition against Port Mahon.

² A statue was erected in Dublin to the memory of Gen. Blakeney, who was a native of Ireland.

EPISTLES.

TO A YOUNG WIDOW.

LET bashful virgins, nicely coy,
Exalted rapture lose;
And, timid at untasted joy,
Through fearfulness refuse.

Will you—the pleasing conflict tried,
Though sure to conquer—fly?
If you—the sacred zone untied,
'Tis peevish to deny.

But, if my Fair! the widow's name
Hold gracious with you still,
The god of Love has form'd a scheme
Obsequious to your will.

Take, take me to thy twining arms,
(Opprest with warm desire)
Where, conquer'd by such mighty charms,
A monarch might expire.

Thou'lt be a widow every night,
(Thy wondrous power confest!)
And, as I die in dear delight,
My tomb shall be thy breast.

TO DELIA.

SAY, my Charmer! right or wrong,
Say it from your heart or tongue:
Be sincere, or else deceive;
Say you love—and I'll believe.

TO CHLOE,
ON A CHARGE OF INCONSTANCY.

How can Chloe think it strange,
Time should make a lover change?

Time brings all things to an end,
Courage can't the blow defend.
See, the proud aspiring oak
Falls beneath the fatal stroke :
If on Beauty's cheek he preys,
Straight the rosy bloom decays :
Joy puts out his lambent fires,
And at Time's approach—expires.

How can Chloe think it strange,
Time should make a lover change?

TO CHLOE,
IN AN ILL HUMOUR.

CONSIDER, sweet maid! and endeavour
To conquer that pride in thy breast;
It is not an haughty behaviour
Will set off thy charms to the best.

The ocean, when calm, may delight you;
But should a bold tempest arise,
The billows, enrag'd, would affright you,
Loud objects of awful surprise!

'Tis thus when good humour diffuses
Its beams o'er the face of the fair;
With rapture his heart a man loses,
While frowns turn his love to despair.

TO MR. H——.

YES, Colin, 'tis granted, you flutter in lace,
 You whisper and dance with the fair;
 But merit advances,—'tis yours to give place;
 Stand off, and at distance revere :
 Nor teize the sweet maid with your jargon of chat,
 By her side as you saunter along ; [that,
 Your taste—your complexion—your this—and your
 Nor lisp out the end of your song.

For folly and fashion you barter good sense,
 (If sense ever fell to your share)
 'Tis enough you could pert *petit maitre* commence,
 Laugh—loiter—and lie with an air.
 No end you can answer ; affections you've none ;
 Made only for prattle and play :
 Like a butterfly, bask'd for awhile in the sun,
 You'll die undistinguish'd away.

TO THE

AUTHOR OF POEMS,

WRITTEN BY NOBODY.

ADVANCE to Fame—advance reveal'd !
 Let conscious worth be bold :
 Why have you lain so long conceal'd,
 And hid Peruvian gold ?

Dan Phœbus did with joy discern
 Your genius brought to light ;
 And many a Somebody should learn,
 From Nobody to write.

APOLLO

TO THE COMPANY AT HARROWGATE.

FROM my critical court, at a quarterly meeting ;
To my Harrowgate-subjects this embassy greeting ;

Whereas, from the veteran-poets, complaint is—
Their works are no longer consider'd as dainties ;
And Shakspeare, and Congreve, and Farquhar, and
others,

The tragical—comical—farcical brothers,
Petition us oft for some gents and some ladies, [is.]
(Our subjects, no doubt, since dramatic their trade

We govern their stational stage by direction,
And send them to you for your friendly protection ;
'Tis Apollo invites, with some ladies, (the Muses,)
We denounce him immensely ill-bred that refuses.

Be it known, by the bye, from our Helicon
fountain,

Enrich'd by the soil of Parnassus's mountain,
Your Harrowgate-water directly proceeding,
Produces fine sense, with true taste and good
breeding.

Talk of Taste—none but heathens will call it
in question ;

Yet some insolent wits might advance a suggestion, ,
While our deputies daily invite all the neighbours,
But find no Mecænas to smile on their labours.
Thus far we've proceeded your favour to curry,
And could tell ye much more, but we write in a
hurry.

SONGS.

MAY-EVE:

OR

KATE OF ABERDEEN.

THE silver moon's enamour'd beam
Steals softly through the night,
To wanton with the winding stream,
And kiss reflected light.
To beds of state go balmy sleep,
('Tis where you've seldom been,)
May's vigil while the shepherds keep
With Kate of Aberdeen.

Upon the green the virgin's wait,
In rosy chaplets gay,
Till morn unbar her golden gate,
And give the promis'd May.
Methinks I hear the maids declare,
The promis'd May, when seen,
Not half so fragrant, half so fair,
As Kate of Aberdeen.

Strike up the tabour's boldest notes,
We'll rouse the nodding grove ;
The nested birds shall raise their throats,
And hail the maid I love :

And see—the matin lark mistakes,
He quits the tufted green :
Foud bird ! 'tis not the morning breaks,
'Tis Kate of Aberdeen.

Now lightsome o'er the level mead,
Where midnight fairies rove,
Like them, the jocund dance we'll lead,
Or tune the reed to love :
For see ! the rosy May draws nigh ;
She claims a virgin queen ;
And hark ! the happy shepherds cry,
'Tis Kate of Aberdeen.

KITTY FELL.

THE courtly bard, in verse sublime,
May praise the toasted belle ;
A country maid (in careless rhyme)
I sing—my Kitty Fell !

When larks forsake the flowery plain,
And love's sweet numbers swell,
My pipe shall join their morning strain,
In praise of Kitty Fell.

Where woodbines twist their fragrant shade,
And noontide beams repel,
I'll rest me on the tufted mead,
And sing of Kitty Fell.

When moon-beams dance among the boughs
That lodge sweet Philomel,
I'll pour with her my tuneful vows,
And pant for Kitty Fell.

The pale-fac'd pedant burns his books ;
The sage forsakes his cell :
The soldier smooths his martial looks,
And sighs for Kitty Fell.

Were mine, ye great ! your envied lot,
In gilded courts to dwell ;
I'd leave them for a lonely cot
With Love and Kitty Fell.

CLARINDA.

CLARINDA's lips I fondly press'd,
While rapture fill'd each vein ;
And as I touch'd her downy breast,
Its tenant slept serene.

So soft a calm, in such a part,
Betrays a peaceful mind ;
Whilst my uneasy, fluttering heart,
Would scarcely be confin'd.

A stubborn oak the shepherd sees,
Unmov'd, when storms descend ;
But, ah ! to every sporting breeze,
The myrtle bough must bend.

FANNY OF THE DALE.

LET the declining damask-rose
With envious grief look pale ;
The summer bloom more freely glows
In Fanny of the dale.

Is there a sweet that decks the field,
Or scents the morning gale,
Can such a vernal fragrance yield—
As Fanny of the dale?

The painted belles, at court rever'd,
Look lifeless, cold, and stale:
How faint their beauties, when compar'd
With Fanny of the dale!

The willows bind Pastora's brows,
Her fond advances fail;
For Damon pays his warmest vows
To Fanny of the dale.

Might honest truth, at last, succeed,
And artless love prevail;
Thrice happy could he tune his reed,
With Fanny of the dale!

DAPHNE.

No longer, Daphne, I admire
The graces in thine eyes;
Continued coyness kills desire,
And famish'd passion dies.
Three tedious years I've sigh'd in vain,
Nor could my vows prevail;
With all the rigours of disdain
You scorn'd my amorous tale.

When Celia cried, 'How senseless she,
That has such vows refus'd;
Had Damon giv'n his heart to me,
It had been kinder us'd.

The man's a fool that pines and dies,
Because a woman's coy ;
The gentle bliss that one denies,
A thousand will enjoy.'

Such charming words, so void of art,
Surprising rapture gave ;
And though the maid subdued my heart,
It ceas'd to be a slave :
A wretch condemn'd, shall Daphne prove ;
While blest without restraint,
In the sweet calendar of love
My Celia stands—a saint.

THYRSIS.

THE pendent forest seem'd to nod,
In drowsy fetters bound ;
And fairy elves in circles trod
The daisy-painted ground :
When Thyrsis sought the conscious grove,
Of slighted vows to tell,
And thus, to soothe neglected love,
Invok'd sad Philomel :—

' The stars their silver radiance shed,
And silence charms the plain ;
But where's my Philomela fled,
To sing her love-lorn strain ?
Hither, ah, gentle bird! in haste
Direct thy hovering wing :
The vernal green's a dreary waste,
Till you vouchsafe to sing.

Not the ruby-fac'd sot, that topes world without
end;

Not the drone, who can't relish his bottle and friend;
Not the fool, that's too fond; nor the churl that's
unkind: [mind.

Neither this—that—nor t'other's the man to my

Not the wretch with full bags, without breeding
or merit;

Not the flash, that's all fury without any spirit;
Not the fine master Fribble, the scorn of mankind:
Neither this—that—nor t'other's the man to my
mind.

But the youth in whom merit and sense may con-
spire,

Whom the brave must esteem, and the fair should
admire; [combin'd:

In whose heart love and truth are with honour
This—this—and no other's the man to my mind.



TO CHLOE WITH A ROSE.

YES, every flower that blows
I pass'd unheeded by,
Till this enchanted Rose
Had fix'd my wandering eye.

It scented every breeze
That wanton'd o'er the stream,
Or trembled through the trees,
To meet the morning beam.

To deck that beauteous maid,
Its fragrance can't excel,
From some celestial shade
The damask charmer fell:

And as her balmy sweets
On Chloe's breast she pours,
The Queen of Beauty greets
The gentle Queen of Flowers.

DAMON AND PHŒBE.

WHEN the sweet rosy morning first peep'd from
the skies,
A loud-singing lark bade the villagers rise;
The cowslips were lively—the primroses gay,
And shed their best perfumes to welcome the May:
The swains and their sweethearts all rang'd on the
green,
Did homage to Phœbe—and hail'd her their Queen.

Young Damon step'd forward: he sung in her
praise;
And Phœbe bestow'd him a garland of bays:
' May this wreath, (said the fair-one) dear Lord of
my vows!
A crown for true merit, bloom long on thy brows?'
The swains and their sweethearts that danc'd on
the green,
Approv'd the fond present of Phœbe their Queen.

'Mongst lords and fine ladies, we shepherds are
The dearest affections are barter'd for gold; [told,
That discord in wedlock is often their lot,
While Cupid and Hymen shake hands in a cot:
At the church with fair Phœbe since Damon has
been,
He's rich as a Monarch—she's blest as a Queen.

THE MILLER.

IN a plain pleasant cottage, conveniently neat,
With a mill and some meadows—a freehold estate,
A well-meaning miller by labour supplies
Those blessings that grandeur to great ones denies :
No passions to plague him, no cares to torment,
His constant companions are Health and Content ;
Their lordships in lace may remark, if they will,
He's honest, though daub'd with the dust of his mill.

Ere the lark's early carols salute the new day,
He springs from his cottage, as jocund as May ;
He cheerfully whistles, regardless of care,
Or sings the last ballad he bought at the fair :
While courtiers are toil'd in the cobwebs of state,
Or bribing elections, in hopes to be great ;
No fraud or ambition his bosom e'er fill,
Contented he works, if there's grist for his mill.

On Sunday bedeck'd in his homespun array,
At church he's the loudest to chaunt or to pray ;
He sits to a dinner of plain English food,
Though simple the pudding, his appetite's good.
At night, when the priest and exciseman are gone,
He quaffs at the alehouse with Roger and John,
Then réels to his pillow, and dreams of no ill ;
No monarch more blest than the man of the mill.

THE SYCAMORE SHADE.

T'OTHER day as I sat in the Sycamore shade,
Young Damon came whistling along,
I trembled—I blush'd—a poor innocent maid !
And my heart caper'd up to my tongue :

'Silly heart, (I cried) fie! What a flutter is here!
 Young Damon designs you no ill;
 The shepherd's so civil, you've nothing to fear,
 Then pr'ythee, fond urchin, lie still.'

Sly Damon drew near, and knelt down at my feet,
 One kiss he demanded—no more!
 But urg'd the soft pressure with ardour so sweet,
 I could not begrudge him a score:
 My lambkins I've kiss'd, and no change ever found,
 Many times as we play'd on the hill;
 But Damon's dear lips made my heart gallop round,
 Nor would the fond urchin lie still.

When the sun blazes fierce, to the Sycamore-shade
 For shelter, I'm sure to repair;
 And, virgins, in faith I'm no longer afraid,
 Although the dear shepherd be there:
 At every fond kiss that with freedom he takes,
 My heart may rebound if it will;
 There's something so sweet in the bustle it makes,
 I'll die ere I bid it lie still.

THE SEASON FOR LOVE.

SET IN THE SCOTS STYLE BY MR. SHIELD,

And sung at Vauxhall.

IN spring, my dear shepherds! your flow'rets are
 gay, [May,
 They breathe all their sweets in the sunshine of
 But hang down their heads when December draws
 near:
 The winter of life is like that of the year.

The larks and the linnets that chaunt o'er the plains,
All, all are in love, while the summer remains;
Their sweethearts in autumn no longer are dear:
The winter of life is like that of the year.

The Season for Love is when youth's in its prime:
Ye lads and ye lasses! make use of your time;
The frost of old age will too quickly appear:
The winter of life is like that of the year.

THE BIRTH-DAY OF PHILLIS.

'Tis the Birth-day of Phillis; hark, how the birds
Their notes are remarkably sweet: [sing;
The villagers brought all the honours of Spring,
And scatter'd their pride at her feet.

With roses and ribbons her lambkins are crown'd;
Awhile they respectfully stand;
Then on the gay land with a frolic they bound;
But first take a kiss from her hand.

'Mongst shepherds, in all the gay round of the year,
This, this is their principal day!
It gave Phillis birth; and pray what can appear
More pleasing or lovingly gay?

Hark! hark! how the tabour enlivens the scene!
Ye lads with your lasses advance;
'Tis charming to sport on a daisy-dress'd green:
And Phillis shall lead up the dance.

The Sun—and he shines in his brightest array,
As if on this festival proud,
In order to give us a beautiful day,
Has banish'd each travelling cloud.

The priest pass'd along, and my shepherdess sigh'd,
Sweet Phillis!—I guess'd what she meant :
We stole from the pastimes—I made her my bride ;
Her sigh was the sigh of consent.

THE HAWTHORN-BOWER.

PALEMON, in the Hawthorn-bower
With fond impatience lay ;
He counted every anxious hour
That stretch'd the tedious day.
The rosy dawn Pastora nam'd,
And vow'd that she'd be kind ;
But ah! the setting sun proclaim'd
That women's vows are—wind.

The fickle sex the boy defied,
And swore, in terms profane,
That Beauty in her brightest pride
Might sue to him in vain.
When Delia from the neighbouring glade
Appear'd in all her charms,
Each angry vow Palemon made,
Was lost in Delia's arms.

The lovers had not long reclin'd
Before Pastora came :
' Inconstancy (she cried) I find
In every heart's the same ;
For young Alexis sigh'd and prest
With such bewitching power,
I quite forgot the wishing guest
That waited in the bower.'

THE WARNING.

YOUNG Colin once courted Myrtilla the prude,
If he sigh'd or look'd tender, she cried he was rude ;
Though he begg'd with devotion, some ease for his
 pain,
The shepherd got nothing but frowns and disdain :
Fatigu'd with her folly, his suit he gave o'er,
And vow'd that no female should fetter him more.

He strove with all cation to 'scape from the net,
But Chloe soon caught him,—a finish'd coquet !
She glanc'd to his glances, she sigh'd to his sighs,
And flatter'd his hopes—in the language of eyes.
Alas for poor Colin ! when put to the test,
Himself and his passion prov'd both but her jest.

By the critical third he was fix'd in the snare ;
By Fanny—gay, young, unaffected, and fair ;
When she found he had merit, and love took his part,
She dallied no longer—but yielded her heart.
With joy they submitted to Hymen's decree ;
And now are as happy—as happy can be.

As the rose-bud of beauty soon sickens and fades,
The prude and coquet are two slighted old maids ;
Now their sweets are all wasted,—too late they
 repent,
For transports untasted, for moments mispent !
Ye virgins take warning, improve by my plan,
And fix the fond youth when you prudently can,

SONG IN A PANTOMIME.

FANCY leads the fetter'd senses
Captives to her fond control ;
Merit may have rich pretences,
But 'tis Fancy fires the soul.

Far beyond the bounds of meaning,
Fancy flies, a fairy-queen!
Fancy, wit and worth disdaining,
Gives the prize to Harlequin.

If the virgin's false, forgive her ;
Fancy was your only foe :
Cupid claims the dart and quiver,
But 'tis Fancy twangs the bow.

NEWCASTLE BEER.

WHEN Fame brought the news of Great Britain's
success,
And told at Olympus each Gallic defeat ;
Glad Mars sent by Mercury orders express,
To summon the deities all to a treat :
Blithe Comus was plac'd
To guide the gay feast,
And freely declar'd there was choice of good cheer ;
Yet vow'd, to his thinking,
For exquisite drinking,
Their Nectar was nothing to Newcastle Beer.

The great god of War, to encourage the fun,
And humour the taste of his whimsical guest,
Sent a message that moment to Moor's¹ for a tun
Of stingo, the stoutest, the brightest, and best :
No gods—they all swore,
Regal'd so before,
With liquor so lively, so potent, and clear :
And each deified fellow
Got jovially mellow,
In honour, brave boys! of our Newcastle Beer.

Apollo, perceiving his talents refine,
Repents he drank Helicon-water so long :
He bow'd, being ask'd by the musical Nine,
And gave the gay board an extempore-song :
But ere he began,
He toss'd off his cann :
There's nought like good liquor the fancy to clear :
Then sang, with great merit,
The flavour and spirit
His godship had found—in our Newcastle Beer.

'Twas stingo like this made Alcides so bold,
It brac'd up his nerves, and enliven'd his powers ;
And his mystical club, that did wonders of old,
Was nothing, my lads, but such liquor as ours.
The horrible crew
That Hercules slew,
Were Poverty—Calumny—Trouble—and Fear :
Such a club would you borrow,
'To drive away sorrow,
Apply for a jorum of Newcastle Beer.

¹ Moor's, at the sign of the Sun, Newcastle.

Ye youngsters, so diffident, languid, and pale,
Whom love, like the cholic, so rudely infests;
Take a cordial of this, 'twill probatum prevail,
And drive the cur Cupid away from your breasts:
Dull whining despise,
Grow rosy and wise,
Nor longer the jest of good fellows appear;
Bid adieu to your folly,
Get drunk and be jolly,
And smoke o'er a tankard of Newcastle Beer.

Ye fanciful folk, for whom Physic prescribes,
Whom bolus and potion have harass'd to death!
Ye wretches, whom Law and her ill-looking tribes:
Have hunted about 'till you're quite out of breath!
Here's shelter and ease,
No craving for fees,
No danger,—no doctor,—no bailiff is near!
Your spirits this raises,
It cures your diseases,
There's freedom and health in our Newcastle Beer.

HOLIDAY GOWN.

In holiday gown, and my new-fangled hat,
Last Monday I tript to the fair;
I held up my head, and I'll tell you for what,
Brisk Roger I guess'd would be there:
He woos me to marry whenever we meet,
There's honey sure dwells on his tongue!
He hugs me so close, and he kisses so sweet,
I'd wed—if I were not too young.

Fond Sue, I'll assure you, laid hold on the boy,
(The vixen would fain be his bride)
Some token she claim'd, either ribbon or toy,
And swore that she'd not be denied:—
A top-knot he bought her, and garters of green,
Pert Susan was cruelly stung;
I hate her so much, that, to kill her with spleen,
I'd wed—if I were not too young.

He whisper'd such soft pretty things in mine ear,
He flatter'd, he promis'd, and swore!
Such trinkets he gave me, such laces and geer,
That, trust me,—my pockets ran o'er:
Some ballads he bought me, the best he could find,
And sweetly their burden he sung;
Good faith he's so handsome, so witty, and kind,
I'd wed—if I were not too young.

The sun was just setting, 'twas time to retire,
(Our cottage was distant a mile)
I rose to be gone—Roger bow'd like a 'squire,
And handed me over the stile:
His arms he threw round me—love laugh'd in his
He led me the meadows among, [eye,
There prest me so close, I agreed, with a sigh,
To wed—for I was not too young.

AN ELECTION BALLAD.

Not an hundred years since, when Elections went
round,

Old Honour and Truth were in Burgnndy drown'd ;
The sons of Great Britain, both thirsty and wise,
Wide open'd their stomachs, but clos'd up their eyes.

Derry down, &c.

They were blind to true merit, let Party prevail,
And Judgment no longer right balanc'd her scale ;
In wine was fair freedom remember'd no more,
And cash kick'd old Liberty out of the door.

Derry down, &c.

When the Candidate offer'd, they snatch'd at the
coin,

Nor spar'd the brown bumper, nor venal sirloin ;
Ate and drank when they could: 'twas concluded,
my friends!

They might fast when the Candidate compass'd his
Derry down, &c. [ends.

Let the case now be alter'd; let talents be tried,
Let national virtue alone be your guide;
Let us scorn to be biass'd by party or pelf,
And vote for our country, forgetful of self.

Derry down, &c.

Let honour, let honesty, stand in your view ;
To freedom be constant, to liberty true. [hit ;
Let me tell you, my friends! the right nail you have
If you fix on the man that's a friend to old Pitt.

Derry down, &c.

Let no low-minded motives your principles shake,
 But weigh the case well, for your safety's at stake.
 For him that has honour and truth for his plan,
 Give your voices, my boys! and it's S——e's the
 Derry down, &c. [man.

ANOTHER.

LET the half-famish'd poet find fault with good
 cheer, [beer:
 And, forc'd to drink water, despise our brown
 That there's truth in full bumpers it can't be denied;
 Then toss off your glasses—let Truth be our guide!
 Derry down, &c.

Poor Lewis the Little, full fatally knows
 That beef gives us courage to batter our foes;
 And the Sir-loin, now knighted, that smokes on
 the board,
 May in times of preferment be titled—my Lord.
 Derry down, &c.

Let the scribblers exclaim—they're a finical tribe!
 May not we, like our betters, sometimes take a
 If cash does not circulate properly—trade [bribe?
 Grows lazy, and lags, like a founder'd old jade.
 Derry down, &c.

But to banter no longer—Our Candidates seem
 Men of honour, of worth, and of public esteem:
 It were well for Dame Britain, her freedom and laws,
 If such, and such only, e'er handled her cause.
 Derry down, &c.

Let their free open spirits be right understood,
Their contest is meant for their countrymen's good :
When danger alarms us, or glory commands,
Our lives, and our honours are safe in such hands.

Derry down, &c.

That they both have their merits, it must be allow'd ;
But, sons of cool Reason ! step forth from the crowd :
If weighty experience can balance the day,
Give your voices, my boys ! 'tis for S——e. Huzza.

Derry down, &c.

ANOTHER.

WHERE the rich Wear¹, with wandering grace,
In gay profusion runs,
The guardian-genius of the place
Harrangu'd his freeborn sons :
The burden of his sacred strain
Was ' Shaftoe live ! live, generous Vane !'

Where Durham lifts her sacred piles,
Rever'd in gothic pride,
And wisdom, with meridian smiles,
Expands on every side,
Distinguish'd in bright honour's train,
Stand Shaftoe and illustrious Vane.

The noble heart that truth refines,
With conscious worth replete,
More useful than Peruvian mines,
Adds virtues to the state ;
Such patriot-virtues as remain
With Shaftoe and illustrious Vane.

¹ The river Wear, that runs through the city of Durham.

Confirm, my sons ! confirm my choice,
And call my favourites forth,
Since fame approves the general voice,
And merit stamps their worth.
None can your sacred rights maintain
Like Shaftoe and illustrious Vane.'

The Genius ceas'd—from every part
Applause like lightning ran;
Conviction fir'd each glowing heart,
And catch'd from man to man ;
Loud echoes fill'd the gladdening plain
With ' Shaftoe live!—live, generous Vane !'



SONG.

HE that Love hath never tried,
Nor had Cupid for his guide,
Cannot hit the passage right
To the palace of Delight.

What are honours, regal wealth,
Florid youth, and rosy health ?
Without Love his tribute brings;—
Impotent, unmeaning things !

Gentle shepherds, persevere,
Still be tender, still sincere ;
Love and Time, united, do
Wonders, if the heart be true.

THREE-PART CATCH.

'Tis in view—(the rich blessing kind Nature
bestow'd,
To conquer our sorrows, or lighten the load)
A full Flask!—the rich nectar this bottle contains
In a flood of rich rapture shall roll through our
veins.
Let it bleed—and carousing this liquor divine,
Sing an hymn to the god that first cultur'd the vine.

THE TOAST.

A Catch.

GIVE the toast—my good fellow, be jovial and gay,
And let the brisk moments pass jocund away!
' Here's the King—(take your bumpers, my brave
British souls,)
Who guards your fair freedom should crown your
full bowls;
Let him live—long and happy, see Lewis brought
down,
And taste all the comforts, no cares of a crown.'

FORTUNE TO HARLEQUIN.

IN A PANTOMIME.

FROM my favour, sense rejected,
Fools by Fortune are protected:
Fortune, Harlequin! hath found you,
Happiness will hence surround you.

Should a thousand ills enclose you,
 Quick contrivance this ¹ bestows you!
 Valour makes the fair adore you;
 This ² shall drive your foes before you.

Gold's the mighty source of pleasure!
 Take this purse of magic treasure;
 Go—for while my gifts befriend you,
 Joy and jollity attend you.

LOVE AND CHASTITY,

A Cantata.

FROM the high mount ³, whence sacred groves de-
 Diana and her virgin-troop descend; [pend,
 And while the buskin'd maids with active care,
 The business of the daily chase prepare,
 A favourite nymph steps forward from the throng,
 And thus, exulting, swells the jocund song:

' Jolly Health springs aloft at the loud sounding
 Unlock'd from soft Slumber's embrace; [horn,
 And Joy sings a hymn to salute the sweet morn,
 That smiles on the nymphs of the chase:
 The rage of fell Cupid no bosom profanes,
 No rancour disturbs our delight, [plains,
 All the day with fresh vigour we sweep o'er the
 And sleep with contentment all night.'

¹ A Hat

² A Sword.

³ Mount Latmos.

Their clamour rous'd the slighted god of Love:
 He flies, indignant, to the sacred grove:
 Immortal myrtles wreathe his golden hair,
 His rosy wings perfume the wanton air;
 Two quivers fill'd with darts his fell designs de-
 clare.

A crimson blush o'erspread Diana's face,
 A frown succeeds—she stops the springing
 chase,
 And thus, forbids the boy the consecrated place.

' Fond disturber of the heart!
 From these sacred shades depart:
 Here's a blooming troop disdains
 Love, and his fantastic chains.
 Sisters of the silver bow,
 Pure and chaste as virgin snow,
 Melt not at thy feeble fires,
 Wanton god of wild desires!'

Rage and revenge divide Love's little breast,
 Whilst thus the angry goddess he address:

' Virgin snow does oft remain
 Long unmelted on the plain,
 Till the glorious god of day
 Smiles, and wastes its pride away.
 What is Sol's meridian fire
 To the darts of strong desire!
 Love can light a raging flame
 Hotter than his noontide beam.'

Now, through the forest's brown-embower'd
 ways,
 With careless steps the young Endymion strays:

His form erect!—loose flows his lovely hair,
His glowing cheeks like youthful Hebe's fair!
His graceful limbs with ease and vigour move,
His eyes—his every feature form'd for love:
Around the listening woods attentive hung,
Whilst thus, invoking sleep, the shepherd sung:

‘ Where the pebbled streamlet glides
Near the wood-nymph's rustic grot,
If the god of Sleep resides,
Or in Pan's sequester'd cot;
Hither if he'll lightly tread,
Follow'd by a gentle dream,
We'll enjoy this grassy bed
On the bank beside the stream.’

As on the painted turf the shepherd lies,
Sleep's downy curtain shades his lovely eyes;
And now, a sporting breeze his bosom shows,
As marble smooth, and white as Alpine snows:
The goddess gaz'd, in magic softness bound;
Her silver bow falls useless to the ground?
Love laugh'd, and, sure of conquest, wing'd a dart,
Unerring, to her undefended heart.
She feels in every vein the fatal fire,
And thus persuades her virgins to retire:

‘ Ye tender maids! be timely wise
Love's wanton fury shun;
In flight alone your safety lies;
The daring are undone.

Do blue-ey'd doves, serenely mild,
With vultures fell engage?
Do lambs provoke the lion wild,
Or tempt the tiger's rage?

•

No, no ; like fawns, ye virgins ! fly ;
To secret cells remove ;
Nor dare the doubtful combat try
'Twixt Chastity and Love.'

AMPHITRYON.

AMPHITRYON and his bride, a godlike pair !
He brave as Mars, and she as Venus fair ;
On thrones of gold in purple triumph plac'd,
With matchless splendour held the nuptial feast :
Whilst the high roof with loud applauses rung,
Enraptur'd, thus, the happy hero sung :

' Was mighty Jove descending
In all his wrath divine,
Enrag'd at my pretending
To call this charmer mine :
His shafts of bolted thunder
With boldness I'd deride ;
Not Heaven itself can sunder
The hearts that love has tied.'

The Thunderer heard,—he look'd with vengeance
down,

Till Beauty's glance disarm'd his awful frown.
The magic impulse of Alcmene's eyes
Compell'd the conquer'd god to quit his skies ;
He feign'd the husband's form, possess'd her charms,
And punish'd his presumption in her arms.

He deserves sublimest pleasure,
Who reveals it not, when won :
Beauty's like the miser's treasure ;
Boast it—and the fool's undone !

Learn by this, unguarded lover,
When your secret sighs prevail,
Not to let your tongue discover
Raptures that you should conceal.

INCANTATION.

PERFORMED AT THE THEATRE IN SUNDERLAND,
IN A PANTOMIME.

HECATE.

FROM the dark tremendous cell,
Where the fiends of magic dwell,
Now the Sun hath left the skies,
Daughters of enchantment, rise.

[The Witches appear.]

AIR.

Welcome from the shades beneath!
Welcome to the blasted heath!
Where the spectre and the sprite
Glide along the glooms of night.
Beldams! with attention keen,
Wait the wish of Harlequin:
Many a wonder must be done
For my first, my favourite son.

CHORUS OF WITCHES.

Many a wonder shall be done,
Hecate, for your favourite son.

PROLOGUES.

SPOKEN AT THE RE-OPENING OF THE YORK
THEATRE, HAVING BEEN ENLARGED AND
DECORATED.

ONCE on a time, his earthly rounds patrolling,
(Your heathen gods were always fond of strolling)
Jove rambled near the cot of kind Philemon,
When night, attended by a tempest, came on ;
And as the rain fell pattering, helter-skelter.
The deity implor'd the hind for shelter.

Philemon plac'd his godship close beside him,
While goody Baucis made the fire that dried him ;
With more benevolence than one that's richer,
He spread the board, he fill'd the friendly pitcher ;
And, fond to give his guest a meal of pleasure,
Sung a rough song, in his rude country measure.
Jove was so pleas'd with these good-natur'd sallies,
Philemon's cot he conjur'd to a palace.
Taste, like great Jupiter, came here to try us,
(Oft from the boxes we perceiv'd her spy us)
Whether she lik'd us and our warm endeavours,
Whether she found that we deserv'd her favours,
I know not : but 'tis certain she commanded
Our humble Theatre should be expanded.

The orders she pronounc'd were scarcely ended,
But, like Philemon's house, the stage extended :

And thus the friendly goddess bids me greet ye ;
 'Tis in that circle [*pointing to the boxes*] she designs
 to meet ye :
 Pedants would fix her residence with heathens,
 But she prefers old York, to Rome or Athens.



SPOKEN AT THE OPENING OF A THEATRE AT
 WHITBY.

FROM Shakspeare—Jonson—Congreve—Rowe—
 and others—
 The laurel'd list, the true Parnassian-brothers!
 Hither we're sent, by their supreme direction,
 To court your favour, and to claim protection.

Our hopes are flatter'd with the Fair's compli-
 Beauty and Wit were always in alliance! [*ance* ;
 Their mutual sway reforms the rude creation,
 And Taste's determin'd by their approbation.

The tragic Muse presents a stately mirror,
 Where Vice surveys her ugly form with terror :
 And as the fiend departs—abash'd—discarded—
 Imperial Virtue's with the palm rewarded.
 The comic glass, from modern groups collected,
 Shows fops and fools of every class—dissected :
 It marks the fair coquet's unfaithful dealings,
 And proves that haughty prudes may have their
 failings.
 For faults that flow from habit more than nature,
 We'll blend, with honest mirth, some wholesome
 satire.

Now for our bark—the vessel's tight and able!
New built!—new[rigg'd [*Pointing to the Scenes*]
with canvass, mast, and cable!
Let her not sink—or be unkindly stranded,
Before the moral freight be fairly landed!
For though with heart and hand we heave together,
'Tis your kind plaudit must command the weather:
Nor halcyon seas, nor gentle gales attend us,
Till this fair circle with their smiles befriend us.

ON THE OPENING OF THE SAME THEATRE.

O'ER the wild waves, unwilling more to roam,
And by his kind affections call'd for home;
When the bold youth that every climate tries
'Twixt the blue bosoms—'twixt the seas and skies—
When he beholds his native Albion near,
And the glad gale gives wings to his career,
What glowing ecstasies, by Fancy drest,
What filial sentiments expand his breast!
In the full happiness he forms on shore,
Doubts—dangers—and fatigues are felt no more.

Such are the joys that in our bosoms burn!
Such the glad hopes that glow at our return!
With such warm ardours you behold us meet,
To lay, once more, our labours at your feet.

(Not without hopes your patronage will last)
We bend with gratitude for favours past.
That our light bark defied the rage of winter,
Rode every gale—nor started ev'n a splinter;

We bow to Beauty—('twas those smiles secur'd her)
And thank our patrons, who so kindly moor'd her.
Still—still—extend your gentle cares to save her,
That she may anchor long in Whitby's—favour.

SPOKEN IN THE CHARACTER OF A SAILOR, ON
OPENING THE NEW THEATRE AT NORTH-
SHIELDS.

[*Without.*

HOLLO! my masters, where d'ye mean to stow us?
We're come to see what pastime ye can show us;
Sal, step aloft—you shan't be long without me,
I'll walk their quarter-deck, and look about me.

[*Enters.*

Tom and Dick Topsail are above—I hear 'em,
Tell 'em to keep a birth; and, Sal—sit near 'em:
Sal's a smart lass—I'd hold a butt of stingo,
In three weeks' time she'd learn the playhouse-lingo:
She loves your plays, she understands their meaning,
She calls 'em—Moral Rules made entertaining;
Your Shakspeare-books, she knows 'em to a tittle;
And I myself at sea have read—a little.

At London, sirs, when Sal and I were courting,
I tow'd her every night a playhouse-sporting:
Mass! I could like 'em and their whole 'paratus,
But for their fiddlers, and their dam'd sonatas;
Give me the merry sons of guts and rosin,
That play—'God save the King,' and 'Nancy
Dawson.'

[*Looking about.*

Well—though the frigate's not so much bedoyzen'd,

'Tis snug enough—'tis clever for the size on't:
And they can treat with all that's worth regarding
On board the Drury-Lane or Common-Garden.

[*Bell rings.*

Avast!—a signal for the launch, I fancy:
Whatsay you¹ Sam, and Dick, and Doll, and Nancy,
Since they have trimm'd the pleasure-barge so
tightly,
Shan't you, and I, and Sal, come see them nightly?
'The jolly crew will do their best endeavours,
They'll grudge no labour to deserve your favours:
A luckier fate they swear can ne'er behap 'em.
Than to behold you pleas'd, and hear you clap 'em.

TO 'LOVE AND FAME.'

SPOKEN AT SCARBOROUGH.

[*Entering.*

WHERE is this author?—bid the wretch appear,
Let him come in, and wait for judgment—here.
This awful jury, all impatient, wait:—
Let him come in, I say, and meet his fate!
Strange, very strange, if such a piece succeeds!
(Punish the culprit for his vile misdeeds)
Know ye to-night, that his presumptuous works,
Have turn'd good Christians into—Heathen Turks?
And if the genius an't corrected soon,
In his next trip, he'll mount us to the moon.

¹ To the Gallery.

Methinks I hear him say—‘ For mercy’s sake,
Hold your rash tongue—my ‘ Love and Fame’s,’ at
stake;

When you behold me—diffident—distrest!

’Tis cruelty to make my woes a jest.

Well—if you will—but why should I distrust?

My judges are as merciful as just;

I know them well, have oft their friendship tried,

And their protection is my boast—my pride!’

Hoping to please, he form’d this bustling plan;

Hoping to please! ’tis all the moderns can:—

Faith! let him ’scape, let ‘ Love and Fame’ survive,

With your kind sanction keep his scenes alive;

Try to approve (applaud we will exempt)

Nor crush the bardling in this hard attempt.

Could he write up to an illustrious theme,

There’s mark’d upon the register of Fame

A subject—but beyond the warmest lays!

Wonder must paint, when ’tis a Granby’s praise.



ON OPENING THE NEW THEATRE IN NEWCASTLE,
1766.

IF to correct the follies of mankind,

To mend the morals—to enlarge the mind,

To strip the self-deceiving passions bare,

With honest mirth to kill an evening’s care;

If these kind motives can command applause,

For these the motley stage her curtain draws.

Does not the poet, that exists by praise,
Like to be told that he has reach’d the bays?

Is not the wretch (still trembling for his store)
Pleas'd when he grasps a glittering thousand more?
Cheers not the mariner propitious seas?
Likes not the lawyer to be handling fees?
Lives not the lover but in hopes of bliss?
To every question we'll reply with—Yes.

Suppose them gratified—their full delight
Fall short of ours on this auspicious night;
When rich in happiness—in hopes elate,
Taste has receiv'd us to our favourite seat.

O that the soul of action were but ours,
And the vast energy of vocal powers!
That we might make a grateful offering, fit
For these kind judges that in candour sit.

Before such judges, we confess, with dread,
These new dominions we presume to tread;
Yet if you smile, we'll boldly do our best,
And leave your favours to supply the rest.

TO 'THE MUSE OF OSSIAN.'

A PIECE ADAPTED TO THE STAGE FROM OSSIAN'S
POEMS, 1763.

To form a little work of nervous merit,
To give the sleepy stage a noble spirit;
To touch a sacred muse, and not defile her,
This was the plan propos'd by our compiler.

Though caution told him—the presumption's
glaring !

Dauntless, he cried;—‘ It is but nobly daring!
Can we peruse a pathos more than Attic,
Nor wish the golden measure stamp’d dramatic!
Here are no lines—in measur’d pace that trip it,
No modern scenes—so lifeless! so insipid!
Wrought by a muse—(no sacred fire debar’d her)
'Tis nervous! noble! 'tis true northern ardour!

‘ Methinks I hear the Grecian bards exclaiming,
(The Grecian bards no longer worth the naming)
In song, the northern tribes so far surpass us,
One of their Highland-hills they’ll call Parnassus;
And from the sacred mount decrees should follow,
That Ossian was himself—the true Apollo.’

Spite of this flash—this high poetic fury,
He trembles for the verdict of his jury:
As from his text he ne’er presum’d to wander,
But gives the native Ossian to your candour,
To an impartial judgment we submit him,
Condemn—or rather (if you can) acquit him.

TO ‘*RULE A WIFE.*’

SPOKEN AT EDINBURGH.

'Tis an odd portrait that the poet drew;
A strange irregular he sets in view; [known,
'Mongst us—thank heaven—the character's un-
(Bards have creative faculties we own)
And this appears a picture from his brain,
Till we reflect—the lady liv'd in Spain.

Should we the portrait with the sex compare,
'Twould add new honours to the northern fair;
Their merit's by the foil conspicuous made,
And they seem brighter from contrasting shade.

Rude were the rules our fathers form'd of old,
Nor should such antiquated maxims hold.
Shall subject-man assert superior sway,
And dare to bid the angel-sex obey?
Or if permitted to partake the throne,
Despotic, call the reins of power his own?
Forbid it, all that's gracious—that's polite!
(The fair to liberty have equal right)
Nor urge the tenet, though from Fletcher's school,
That 'every husband has a right to rule.'

A matrimonial medium may be hit,
Where neither governs, but where both submit.

The nuptial torch with decent brightness burns,
Where male and female condescend by turns;
Change then the phrase, the horrid text amend,
And let the word *obey*—be *condescend*!

SPOKEN BY MR. DIGGES, ON OPENING THE EDIN-
BURGH-THEATRE IN 1763.

To rectify some errors, that of late
Had crept into the bosom of our state;
To court Propriety, a matron chaste!
To make strong leagues 'twixt Novelty and Taste;
To alter—to adopt—to plan—revive,
To spare no pains to make the drama thrive;

These are the labours that to-night commence,
By Beauty ¹ sanction'd, and approv'd by Sense ².

Suppose some Corydon—some country-swain,
Enamour'd of some Phillis of the plain,
At early dawn should seek the dappled glade,
To form a nosegay for the favourite maid;
When he had cropt the beauties of the banks,
And cull'd the fairest from the flowery ranks,
He'd range in order every blooming sweet,
And lay the little chaplet at her feet.

So the fair fields of Fancy we'll explore,
And search the gardens of dramatic lore,
Of choicest fragrance and of various hue,
To form those chaplets we compose for you.

Now to attack you in a martial strain!
We hope to gather laurels this campaign;
And, that our plan of action may succeed,
Have march'd fresh forces from beyond the Tweed.
Yet, as young soldiers may be damp'd by fear,
(Though universal patronage be here)
Let me bespeak, before the curtain rise,
Some kind impressions for our new supplies.

SPOKEN AT EDINBURGH, ON MRS. BELLAMY'S
FIRST APPEARANCE THERE.

IN early days, when Error sway'd mankind,
The scene was censur'd and the stage confin'd:
As the fine arts a nobler taste supplied,
Old Prejudice grew fainter—droop'd—and died.

¹ The Boxes.

² The Pit.

Merit from sanction must deduce her date,
 If she'd arrive at a meridian height :
 From sanction, is the English stage become
 Equal to Athens, and above old Rome.

If from that stage an actress, fill'd with fears,
 New to this northern scene, to-night appears,
 Intent—howe'er unequal to the flight,
 To hit—what critics call—the 'happy right :'
 She builds not on your sister's¹ fond applause,
 But timidly to you submits her cause :
 For Taste refin'd, may as judicial sit
 Here—as she found her in an English pit.

Your plaudit must remove the stranger's fear ;
 The sons of genius are the least severe.
 Some favour from the fair she's sure to find ;
 So sweet a circle cannot but be kind.
 Then to your candid patronage she'll trust,
 And hopes you gracious—as we know you just.

ON REVIVING 'THE MERCHANT OF VENICE,'
At the time a Bill had passed for naturalizing the Jews.

"TWIXT the sons of the stage, without pensions
 or places,
 And the vagabond Jews, are some similar cases ;
 Since time out of mind, or they're wrong'd much
 by slander,
 Both lawless, alike, have been sentenc'd to wander :
 Then faith 'tis full time we appeal to the nation,
 To be join'd in this bill for na-tu-ra-li-za-ti-on ;

¹ London.

Lard, that word's so uncouth!—'tis so irksome to
speak it!

But 'tis Hebrew, I believe; and that's taste,—as
I take it.

[commission,

Well—now to the point—I'm sent here with
To present this fair circle our humble petition :
But conscious what hopes we should have of suc-
ceeding,

Without (as they phrase it) sufficiently bleeding;
And convinc'd we've no funds, nor old gold we can
rake up,

Like our good fathers—Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob;
We must frankly confess we have nought to pre-
sent ye,

But Shakspeare's old sterling—pray let it content
ye.

[store ye,

This Shylock, the Jew, whom we mean to re-
Was naturaliz'd oft by your fathers before ye;
Then take him to-night to your kindest compassion,
For to countenance Jews is the pink of the fashion.

FOR SOME COUNTRY LADS, PERFORMING 'THE
DEVIL OF A WIFE,' IN THE CHRISTMAS HOLI-
DAYS.

In days of yore, when round the jovial board,
With harmless mirth and social plenty stor'd,
Our parent Britons quaff'd their nut-brown ale,
And carols sung, or told the Christmas tale;
In struts St. George, Old England's champion
knight,
With hasty steps, impatient to recite—
How he had kill'd the dragon, once in fight.

From every side—from Troy—from ancient
Princes pour in, to swell the motley piece; [Greece,
And while their deeds of prowess they rehearse,
The flowing bowl rewards their hobbling verse.

Intent to raise this evening's cordial mirth,
Like theirs, our simple stage-play comes to birth.
Our want of art we candidly confess,
But give you Nature in her homespun dress;
No heroes here—no martial men of might;
A cobbler is the champion of to-night;
His strap, more fam'd than George's lance of old,
For it can tame that dragoness, a scold!
Indulgent, then, support the cobbler's cause,
And though he may'nt deserve it, smile applause.

TO THE RECRUITING OFFICER¹.

*Spoken at Shrewsbury, where Mr. Farquhar is said to
have written that Comedy.*

FROM the fair mansions of illustrious shades,
From groves of bliss, poetic painted meads,
Should Farquhar, deck'd with deathless laurels,
Obedient to his own recruiting-drum; [come,
Conscious to-night of the superior grace,
The nobler beauties, that adorn this place,
Here would he fix—enraptur'd, here abide,
And change Elysium for the Severn's side.

Let boasting Rome of one Mecænas tell,
Countless are those that by the Severn dwell;
Parnassus' Mount let future bards disclaim,
Hark! how the Wrekin's² hospitable name
Swells in the voice of Farquhar and of Fame. }

¹ Mr. Farquhar dedicated his play of the 'Recruiting Officer' to his friends.

² The Wrekin, a remarkable mountain in the county of Salop, not far from Shrewsbury.

Sabrina³! softest nymph that glides along,
 Winding and varions as her Farqnhar's song,
 Indulgent smil'd, to bless the poet's toil,
 And straight his bays bloom'd fresh, and own'd
 the generous soil.

Here—Beauty beams, with social sweetness
 mix'd!

Here—true Politeness has her standard fix'd!
 Here—let the Muse her sacred numbers swell,
 And here let sportive wit and gay-drest humour
 dwell?

O, may our secondary labours find
 The brave propitious, and the beauteous kind!
 So may Salopian plains, that bloom so gay,
 Ne'er know a blast, but wear perpetual May!

INTRODUCTION,

SPOKEN AT THE THEATRE IN SUNDERLAND,
*To a Play performed there for the Benefit of the Widows
 and Orphans of that Place.*

ON Widows—Orphans—left, alas! forlorn,
 (From the rack'd heart its every comfort torn)
 Humanity, to-night, confers relief,
 And softens, though she can't remove their grief:
 Blasted her hopes, her expectations kill'd,
 The sons of sympathy (with sorrow chill'd)
 Behold the wretched matron—madly weep,
 And hear her cry—'My joys are in the deep!'
 To the tremendous Power that rules mankind,
 Lord of the seas—the calm and boisterous wind,
 We bow, obedient, and with awe resign'd. }
 His ways inscrutable, we can't explore,
 No—we may wonder, but we must adore!

³ The poetical name for the river Severn.

Happy, for ever, be the generous breast,
That feels compassion for the poor distrest;
Happy the hand that stops the sufferer's tear!
Such hands there are, and such, we find, are here.

PETITION

TO THE WORSHIPFUL FREE-MASONS,
Delivered from the Stage, by a Lady, at a Comedy countenanced by that Fraternity.

BROTHERS!—'tis bold to interrupt your meeting,
But from the female world I wait you—greeting:
[Curtseys.

The ladies can advance a thousand reasons,
That make them hope to be receiv'd as Masons:
To keep a secret,—not one hint expressing,
To rein the tongue—O husbands, there's a blessing!
As virtue seems the Mason's sole foundation,
Why should the Fair be barr'd from—Installation?
If you suppose us weak, indeed you wrong us;
Historians, Sapphos too, you'll find among us;
Think—Brothers—think, and graciously admit us;
Doubt it not, Sirs, we'll gloriously acquit us.
How to be wiser, and more cautious, teach us,
Indeed 'tis time that your instructions reach us:
The faults of late, and every foul miscarriage,
Committed in the sphere of modern marriage,
Were caus'd (if I've a grain of penetration)
From each great lady's not being made a Mason.
Accept us then, to Brotherhood receive us,
And virtue, we're convinc'd, will never leave us.

EPILOGUES.

SPOKEN AT EDINBURGH, BY MRS. BELLAMY, TO
THE TRAGEDY OF 'ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.'

THE flame our hero felt for his Egyptian
Is finely drawn ; it glows in the description :
But modern love can ne'er maintain its station,
So many different *gouts* divide the nation.

The man of sense disdains the softening passion ;
The coxcomb is enamour'd of—the fashion ;
The *bon vivant* prefers the feast conviv'al ;
And Phillis in a turtle finds a rival ;
Besides the gentle race—the *petit-maitres* !
The set insensible of happy *cretures* ;
So coy—so cold—that Beauty ne'er can warm 'em ;
So nice, that nothing but themselves can charm 'em.

But hold—I run too fast, without reflection,
(Each gen'ral rule admits of some exception.)
Here¹ 'tis allow'd imperial beauty governs,
And there² the conquer'd sex adore their sovereigns.

Let me—to wave this *bagatelle*—declare
The grateful homage of a heart sincere :
I feel your favours with refin'd delight,
And glory in my patrons of to-night.

SPOKEN AT EDINBURGH, IN THE CHARACTER
OF LADY FANCIFUL.

FANCY, we're told, of parentage Italic,
And Folly, whose original is Gallic,

Set up to sale their vast misshapen daughter,
And Britain, by a large subscription, bought her.

The fertile soil grew fond of this exotic,
And nurs'd—her, till her power became despotic;
Till every would-be Beauty of the nation
Did homage at the shrine of Affectation.
But Common Sense will certainly dethrone her,
And (like the fair ones of this place) disown her.
If she attempts the dimpled smile delightful,
'The dimpled smile of Affectation's frightful:
Mark but her *bagatelles*,—her whine, her whim-
per—
Her loll—her lisp—hersaunter—stare—hersimper;
All *outrès*, all—no native charm about her,
And Ridicule would soon expire without her.

Look for a grace, and Affectation hides it;
If Beauty aims an arrow, she misguides it:
So awkwardly she mends unmeaning faces,
To Insipidity she gives—grimaces.

Without her dear coquetish arts to aid 'em,
Fine ladies would be just as—Nature made 'em,
Such sensible—sincere—domestic creatures,
The jest of modern *belles*, and *petit-maitres*.

Safe with good sense, this circle's not in danger:
But as the foreign phantom's—here a stranger;
I gave her portrait, that the fair may know her,
And if they meet, be ready to forego her:
For trust me, ladies, she'd deform your faces,
And with a single glance destroy the graces.

SPOKEN AT NORWICH, IN THE CHARACTER OF
MRS. DEBORAH WOODCOCK, IN 'LOVE IN A
VILLAGE.'

AFTER the dangers of a long probation,
When Sybil-like, she's skill'd in penetration ;
When she has conquer'd each unruly passion,
And rides above the rocks that others dash on ;
When deeply mellow'd with reserve and rigour ;
When decent gravity adorns her figure,
Why an old maid, I wish the wise would tell us,
Should be the standing jest of flirts and fellows ?

In maxims sage, in eloquence how clever !
Without a subject she can talk—for ever !
Rich in old saws, can bring a sentence pat in,
And quote, upon occasion, lawyer's Latin.

Set up that toast, that culprit, *nobus corum*,
'Tis done—and she's demolish'd in *turrorum*.

If an old maid's a dragoness on duty,
To guard the golden fruit of ripening beauty ;
'Tis right, for fear the giddy sex should wander,
To keep them in restraint by decent slander.
When slips are made, 'tis easy sure to find 'em ;
We can detect before the fair design'd 'em.

As for the men, whose satire oft hath stung us,
Many there are that may be rank'd among us.
Law, with long suits and busy mischiefs laden,
In rancour far exceeds the ancient maiden.
'Tis undenied, and the assertion's common,
That modern Physic is a mere old woman.

The puny Fop that simpers o'er his tea-dish,
And cries—' Indeed—Miss Deborah's—quite old
Of doubtful sex, of undetermin'd nature, [maidish!
In all respects is but a virgin *creture*.'

Jesting apart, and moral truths adjusting !
There's nothing in the state itself disgusting ;
Old maids, as well as matrons, bound in marriage,
Are valued from propriety of carriage :
If gentle sense, if sweet discretion guide 'em,
It matters not, though coxcombs may deride 'em ;
And virtue's virtue, be she maid or wedded,
A certain truth ! say—Deborah Woodcock said it.

THE MUSE OF OSSIAN.

In fond romance let fancy reign creative !
Valour among the northern hills is native ;
The northern hills, ('tis prov'd by Ossian's story,)
Gave early birth to Caledonian glory ;
Nor could the stormy clime, with all its rigour,
Repel, in love or war, the hero's vigour.

When Honour call'd, the youth disdain'd to
ponder,
And as he fought, the favourite maid grew fonder :
The brave, by Beauty were rejected never,
For girls are gracious when the lads are clever.

If the bold youth was in the field vindictive,
The bard, at home, had every power descriptive ;
He swell'd the sacred song, enhanc'd the story,
And rais'd the warrior to the skies of glory.

That northern lads are still unconquer'd fellows,
 The foes of Britain to their cost can tell us ;
 The sway of northern beauty, if disputed,
 Look round, ye infidels ! and stand confuted :
 And for your bards, the letter'd world have known
 'em,
 'They're such—The sacred Ossian can't disown 'em.

To prove a partial judgment does not wrong you,
 And that your usual candour reigns among you,
 Look with indulgence on this crude endeavour,
 And stamp it with the sanction of your favour.



SPOKEN IN THE CHARACTER OF LADY TOWNLEY,
 IN ' THE PROVOKED HUSBAND.'

A LADY—let me recollect—whose night is't?
 No matter—at a circle the politest;
 'Taste summons all the satire she is able,
 And canvasses my conduct to the table.

‘ A wife reclaim'd, and by a husband's rigour,
 A wife with all her appetites in vigour;
 Lard ! she must make a lamentable figure !
 Where was her pride ? Of every spark divested,
 To mend, because a prudish husband press'd it !
 What ! to prefer his dull domestic quiet,
 To the dear scenes of hurricane and riot ?
 Parties disclaim'd, the happy rout rejected,
 Because at ten she's by her spouse expected ?
 Oh hideous ! how immensely out of nature !
 Don't you, my dears, despise the servile creature ?

Prudence, although the company be good,
Is often heard, and sometimes understood :
Suppose, to justify my reformation,
She'd give the circle this concise oration ;—

‘ Ye giddy group of fashionable wives,
That in continued riot waste your lives ;
Did ye but see the demons that descend,
The cares convulsive that on cards attend ;
The midnight spectres that surround your chairs,
(Rage reddens here—there Avarice despairs)
You'd rush for shelter, where contentment lies,
To the domestic blessings you despise :
Or if you've no regard to moral duty,
(’Tis trite but true)—Quadrille will murder
Beauty.’

Taste is abash'd, (the culprit!) I'm acquitted,
They praise the character they lately pitied ;
They promise to reform—relinquish play,—
So break the tables up at—break-of-day.

DESIGNED TO BE SPOKEN AT ALNWICK,

*On resigning the Playhouse to a Party detached from the
Edinburgh Theatre.*

‘ To Alnwick's lofty seat, a silvan scene !
To rising hills from distance doubly green,
Go—(says the god of Wit,) my standard bear,
These are the mansions of the great and fair,
’Tis my Olympus now ; go, spread my banners }
there.’

Led by fond hope, the pointed path we trace,
 And thank'd our patron for the flowery place ;
 Here—we behold a gently waving wood !
 There—we can gaze upon a wandering flood !
 The landscape smiles !—the fields gay fragrance }
 Soft scenes are all around—refreshful air ! [wear ! }
 Slender repast indeed, and but camelion fare ! }

A troop, at certain times compell'd to shift,
 And from their northern mountains turn'd adrift ;
 By tyrant-managers awhile consign'd
 To fatten on what forage they can find ;
 With lawless force our liberty invades, [shades ;
 And fain would thrust us from these favourite
 But we (since prejudice erects her scale,
 And puffs and petty artifice prevail)
 To stronger holds with cool discretion run,
 And leave the conquerors to be—undone.

With gratitude, still we'll acknowledge the
 favours
 So kindly indulg'd to our simple endeavours ;
 To the great and the fair, we rest thankfully debtors,
 And wish we could say, we gave place to our betters.

SPOKEN BY MRS. G——, AT HER BENEFIT.

UNTAUGHT to tread the Muse's various maze, }
 And quite unpractis'd in poetic lays, }
 I'll tell my simple tale in plain familiar phrase. }

In farmer's yard I've seen a housewife stand,
 Peace in her looks, and plenty in her hand,
 Dealing her friendly favours on the ground,
 Whilst all the neighbouring poultry gather round.

Bold Chanticleer, in shining plumage gay,
Struts on before, and leads the well-known way ;
His consort next, she guides his chattering train,
Impatient to devour the golden grain ;
Next stalks the turkey-cock above the rest,
With rosy gills and elevated chest ;
The screaming goose and waddling duck come last,
Alike partakers of the free repast.

The breakfast done, behold each thankless guest,
(Some birds, like men, make gratitude a jest,)
With insolence and pamper'd pride elate,
Presumes his merit should provide him meat,
And thinks the hostess thank'd,—that he vouchsaf'd
A linnet, perching on a neighbouring tree, [to eat.
The well-provided banquet chanc'd to see;
She lights, and mingling with the motley crew,
Feasted, as most at free expense will do;
Then, singling from the mercenary throng,
Repaid the generous donor with a song.

Could well-wrought numbers with my wish agree,
The grateful linnet you'd behold in me;
But doom'd to silence from my want of skill,
Accept, kind Patrons! of a warm good will.

SPOKEN BY A CHILD OF NINE YEARS OLD.

As the wise ones within have assur'd me it's common
For chits of my age to be aping the woman,
To prove that I've talents, as well as another,
Good folks!—I ran forward—in spite of my
 mother— [case is;
' Don't tell me, (says I) they shall know how the
I'm not to be check'd in my airs and my graces:

I was born a coquet—and, by Godes, I'm not idle ;
I can ogle already—look peevish, and bridle ;
And I'll practise new gestures, each night and each
 morning, [ing.
'Gainst I reach to my teens—so I give ye fair warn-
Though I move ye at present with nothing but
 laughter,
Look well to your hearts, beaux !—I'll swinge ye
 hereafter. [bolder,
Have patience, then, pray ; and, by practice grown
I'll promise to please, if I live to grow older.

STANZAS

**SPOKEN AT A PLAY AT THE THEATRE IN SUNDER-
LAND, FOR THE BENEFIT OF THE CORSICANS.**

Who can behold with an unpitied eye
The glorious few (with patriotic fire)
Distress—invaded—and resolv'd to die,
Or keep their independent rights entire?
Shackled themselves, the servile Gauls would bind
In their ignoble fetters half mankind.

The gentle homage that to-night you've paid
To Freedom, and her ever sacred laws;
The humble offering at her altar made,
Prove that your hearts beat nobly in her cause.
All-gracious Freedom, O vouchsafe to smile,
Through future ages, on this favourite isle!

Far may the boughs of Liberty expand,
For ever cultur'd by the brave and free !
For ever blasted be that impious hand,
That lops one branch from this illustrious tree !

Britons!—'tis yours to make her verdure thrive,
And keep the roots of Liberty alive.

O, may her rich, her ripening fruits of gold,
Britannia! bloom perpetually for thee:
May you ne'er want a dragon, as we're told
Defended, once, the fam'd Hesperian tree!
A dragon fix'd, for your imperial sake,
With anxious eyes, eternally awake.



EULOGIUM ON CHARITY.

SPOKEN AT ALNWICK, AT A CHARITABLE
BENEFIT-PLAY, 1765.

To bid the rancour of ill-fortune cease,
To tell Anxiety—I give thee peace!
To quell Adversity—or turn her darts;
To stamp Fraternity on generous hearts:
For these high motives, these illustrious ends,
Celestial Charity to-night descends.

Soft are the graces that adorn the maid,
Softer than dew-drops to the sun-burnt glade!
She's gracious as an unpolluted stream,
And tender as a fond young lover's dream!
Pity and Peace precede her as she flies,
And Mercy beams benignant in her eyes!
From her high residence, from realms above
She comes, sweet harbinger of heavenly love!

¹ Hersister's charms are more than doubly bright,
From the kind cause that call'd her here to-night.

¹ Countess of Northumberland.

An artless grace the conscious heart bestows,
And on the generous cheek a tincture glows
More lovely than the bloom that paints the ver-
nal rose. }

The lofty pyramid shall cease to live ;
Fleeting the praise such monuments can give !
But Charity, by tyrant Time rever'd,
Sweet Charity, amidst his ruins spar'd,
Secures her votaries unblasted fame,
And in celestial annals saves their name !

EPIGRAMS.

A MEMBER of the modern great
Pass'd Sawney with his budget;
The peer was in a car of state,
The tinker forc'd to trudge it.
But Sawney shall receive the praise
His lordship would parade for;
One's debtor for his dapple greys,
And t'other's shoes are paid for.

To Wasteall, whose eyes were just closing in death,
Doll counted the chalks on the door; [breath,
'In peace,' cried the wretch, 'let me give up my
And Fate will soon rub out my score.'
'Come, bailiffs,' cries Doll, '(how I'll hamper this
Let the law be no longer delay'd, [cheat!)
I never once heard of that fellow call'd Fate,
And, by G—d, he shan't die till I'm paid.'

APOLLO—TO MR. C—— F——, ON HIS BEING
SATIRISED BY AN IGNORANT PERSON.

WHETHER he's worth your spleen or not,
You've ask'd me to determine:
I wish my friend a nobler lot
Than that of trampling vermin.
A blockhead can't be worth our care,
Unless that we'd befriend him:
As you've some common sense to spare,
I'll pay what you may lend him.

ON MR. CHURCHILL'S DEATH.

SAYS Tom to Richard, 'Churchill's dead :'

Says Richard, 'Tom, you lie ;
Old Rancour the report hath spread,
But genius cannot die.'

WOULD honest Tom G——d get rid of a scold,
The torture, the plague of his life !
Pray tell him to take down his lion of gold,
And hang up his brazen-fac'd wife.

COULD Kate for Dick compose the gordian-string,
The Tyburn-knot how near the nuptial ring !
A loving wife, obedient to her vows,
Is bound in duty to *exalt* her spouse.

ON SEEING J. C——FT, ESQ. ABUSED IN A
NEWSPAPER.

WHEN a wretch to public notice
Would a man of worth defame ;
Wit, as threadbare as his coat is,
Only shows his want of shame.
Busy, pert, unmeaning parrot !
Vilest of the vernal crews !
Go—and in your Grub-street garret,
Hang yourself and paltry muse.
Pity too the meddling sinner
Should for hunger hang or drown !
F——x, he must not want a dinner,
Send the scribbler half-a-crown.

IMITATIONS.

ANACREON.

ODE V.

SHED Roses in the sprightly juice,
Prepar'd for every social use!
So shall the earthly nectar prove
A draught for all-imperial Jove.

Ourselves, with rosy chaplets bound,
Shall sing, and set the goblet round.

Thee, ever gentle Rose, we greet,
We worship thee, delicious sweet!
For though by mighty gods caress'd,
You deign to make us mortals blest.

The Cupids, and the Graces fair,
With myrtle sprigs adorn their hair;
And nimbly strike celestial ground,
Eternal Roses blooming round.

Bring us more sweets, ere these expire,
And reach me that harmonious lyre:
Gay Bacchus, Jove's convivial son,
Shall lead us to his favourite tun;
Among the sporting youths and maids,
Beneath the Vine's auspicious shades,
For ever young—for ever gay,
We'll dance the jovial hours away.

ANACREON.

ODE IX.

‘TELL me, (said I) my beauteous Dove,
(If an embassadress from Love,)
Tell me, on what soft errand sent,
Thy gentle flight is this way bent?

Ambrosial sweets thy pinions shed
As in the quivering breeze they spread !

‘A message (says the bird) I bear
From fond Anacreon to the fair ;
A virgin of celestial grace !
The Venus of the human race !

‘Me, for an hymn or amorous ode,
The Paphian Venus once bestow’d
To the sweet bard ; for whom I’d fly
Unwearied to the farthest sky.

‘Through the soft air he bade me glide,
(See, to my wing his billet’s tied,)
And told me ’twas his kind decree,
When I return’d, to set me free.

‘’Twould prove me but a simple bird,
To take Anacreon at his word :
Why should I hide me in the wood,
Or search for my precarious food,
When I’ve my master’s leave to stand
Cooing upon his friendly hand ;
When I can be profusely fed
With crumbs of his ambrosial bread,
And, welcom’d to his nectar bowl,
Sip the rich drops that fire the soul ;
Till in fantastic rounds I spread
My fluttering pinions o’er his head :

Or if he strike the trembling wire,
I perch upon my favourite lyre ;
Till lull'd into luxuriant rest,
Sleep steals upon my raptur'd breast.'

Go, stranger—to your business—go,
I've told you all you wish'd to know :
Go, stranger,—and I think you'll say,
This prattling Dove's an arrant Jay,

ANACREON.

ODE XIV.

WHY did I with Love engage?
Why provoke his mighty rage?

True it is the wandering child,
Met me with an aspect mild,
And besought me like a friend,
At his gentle shrine to bend.
True, from my mistaken pride
Due devotion was denied,
Till (because I would not yield)
Cupid dar'd me to the field.

Now I'm in my armour clasp'd,
Now the mighty lance is grasp'd,
But an Achillean spear
Would be ineffectual here,
While the poison'd arrows fly
Hot as lightning from the sky.

Wounded, through the woods I run,
Follow'd still by Beauty's son,
Arrows in malignant showers,
Still the angry urchin pours ;
Till exhausting all his store,
(When the quiver yields no more,)

See the god—a living dart,
Shoots himself into my heart.

Freedom **I** must now resign ;
Victory, oh Love **!** is thine.
What can outward actions win
When the battle burns within?

ANACREON.

ODE XIX.

OLD Earth, when in a tippling vein,
Drinks torrents of ambrosial rain,
Which the tall trees, by heat opprest,
Drink from her kind maternal breast :
Lest angry Ocean should be dry,
The river-gods their stores supply :
The Monarch of the glowing day
Drinks large potations from the sea :
And the pale Empress of the night
Drinks from his orb propitious light :
All—all things drink—abstemious sage !
Why should not we our thirst assuage ?

ANACREON.

ODE XXXIII.

TO THE SWALLOW.

Soon as summer glads the sky,
Hither, gentle bird ! you fly ;
And, with golden sunshine blest,
Build your pretty plaster'd nest.

When the seasons cease to smile,
(Wing'd for Memphis or the Nile,)
Charming bird! you disappear
Till the kind succeeding year.

Like the swallow, Love! depart;
Respite for awhile my heart.

No; he'll never leave his nest,
Tyrant tenant of my breast!
There a thousand wishes try
On their callow wings to fly;
There you may a thousand tell,
Pertly peeping through the shell:
In a state unfinish'd, rise
Thousand's of a smaller size.

Till their noisy chirpings cease,
Never shall my heart have peace.

Feather'd ones the younglings feed,
Till, mature, they're fit to breed;
Then, to swell the crowded store,
They produce their thousands more:
Nor can mighty numbers count
In my breast their vast amount.

ANACREON.

ODE XXXVI.

FILL me that capacious cup,
Fill it to the margin up;
From my veins, the thirsty day
Quaffs the vital strength away.
Let a wreath my temples shield,
Fresh from the enamell'd field;

These declining roses bow,
Blasted by my sultry brow.

Flowerets, by their friendly aid,
From the sunbeams form a shade :
Let me from my heart require,
(Glowing with intense desire)
Is there, in the deepest grove,
Shelter from the beams of Love?

ANACREON.

ODE LVIII.

As I wove with wanton care,
Filletts for a virgin's hair,
Culling for my fond design,
What the fields had fresh and fine :
Cupid,—and I mark'd him well,
Hid him in a cowslip bell ;
While he plum'd a pointed dart,
Fated to inflame the heart.

Glowing with malicious joy,
Sudden I secur'd the boy ;
And, regardless of his cries,
Bore the little frightened prize
Where the mighty goblet stood,
Teeming with a rosy flood.

‘ Urchin ! (in my rage I cried)
What avails thy saucy pride ?
From thy busy vengeance free,
Triumph now belongs to me !’

Thus—I drown thee in my cup;
Thus—in wine, I drink thee up.'

Fatal was the nectar'd draught,
That to murder Love I quaff'd;
O'er my bosom's fond domains,
Now the cruel tyrant reigns,
On my heart's most tender strings
Striking with his wanton wings:
I'm for ever doom'd to prove
All the insolence of Love.

THE DANCE.

ANACREONTIC.

HARK! the speaking strings invite,
Music calls us to delight:
See! the maids in measures move,
Winding like the maze of love.
As they mingle, madly gay,
Sporting Hebe leads the way.

On each glowing cheek is spread.
Rosy Cupid's native red;
And from every sparkling eye,
Pointed darts at random fly!
Love and active youth advance
Foremost in the sprightly dance.

As the magic numbers rise,
Through my veins the poison flies;
Raptures, not to be exprest,
Revel in my throbbing breast.
Jocund as we beat the ground,
Love and Harmony go round.

Every maid (to crown his bliss)
 Gives her youth a rosy kiss;
 Such a kiss as might inspire
 Thrilling raptures—soft desire :
 Such Adonis might receive,
 Such the queen of Beauty gave,
 When the conquer'd goddess strove
 (In the conscious myrtle grove)
 To inflame the boy with love.

}

Let not Pride our sports restrain,
 Banish hence the prude, Disdain !
 Think—ye virgins, if you're coy,
 Think—ye rob yourselves of joy ;
 Every moment you refuse,
 So much ecstasy you lose :
 Think—how fast these moments fly :
 If you should too long deny,
 Love and Beauty both will die.

}



HORACE.

ODE X. BOOK IV.

CHLOE, my most tender care,
 Always coy, and always fair,
 Should unwish'd-for languor spread
 O'er that beauteous white and red ;
 Should these locks, that sweetly play
 Down these shoulders, fall away,
 And that lovely bloom, that glows
 Fairer than the fairest rose,

Should it fade—and leave thy face
Spoil'd of every killing grace;
Should your glass the charge betray,
Thus, my fair, you'd weeping say—
'Cruel gods! does beauty fade?
Now warm desires my breast invade;
And why, while blooming youth did glow,
Was this heart as cold as snow!'

SAPPHO'S HYMN TO VENUS.

HAIL! (with eternal beauty blest,
O'er heaven and earth ador'd!)
Hail, Venus! 'tis thy slave's request,
Her peace may be restor'd:
Break the fond bonds, remove the rankling smart,
And bid thy tyrant-son from Sappho's soul depart.

Once you descended, queen of Love,
At Sappho's bold desire,
From the high roofs of sacred Jove,
Thy ever-glorious sire!
I saw thy dusky-pinion'd sparrows bear
Thy chariot, rolling light through the rejoicing air.

No transient visit you design'd,
Your wanton birds depart;
And with a look divinely kind,
That sooth'd my fluttering heart:
'Sappho, say you, what sorrow breaks thy rest?
How can I give relief to thy conflicting breast?

‘ Is there a youth severely coy,
My favourite would subdue?
Or has she lost some wandering boy,
To plighted vows untrue?
Spread thy soft nets, the rambler shall return,
And with new lighted flames, more fond, more
fiercely burn.

‘ Thy proffer’d gifts though he deride,
And scorn thy glowing charms,
Soon shall his every art be tried
To win thee to his arms :
Though he be now as cold as virgin snow,
The victim, in his turn, shall like rous’d Ætna glow.’

‘ Thee, goddess, I again invoke,
These mad desires remove!
Again I’ve felt the furious stroke
Of irresistible Love :
Bid gentle peace to Sappho’s breast return,
Or make the youth she loves with mutual ardour
burn.

FINIS.

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